

FOOTBALL TRAINING DESCRIBED IN DETAIL!

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey; 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 4.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S GRIDIRON GRILL; OR, THE TRY-OUT FOR FOOT BALL GRIT.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



Not another inch! The enwrapping arms and legs, the swift impact of sturdy bodies in that avalanche of assault, brought Manley ruthlessly to the ground. The whistle blew.

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CHAPTER I.

GETTING READY FOR THE GRILL.

"What is it to be this morning?"

Lieutenant Hal Spofford, of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club, put the question to Captain Frank Manley.

Under orders the youngsters, gathered at the club's grounds in the early morning, had come out in runner's togs.

"Two easy seven-minute miles," replied Frank.

"And then?"

"A halt in Jones's woods."

"Next?"

"There we'll have a little pow-wow," replied Frank. "To-day the beginning of the football season will have to be mapped out more closely. The run will put the fellows in condition and clear the cobwebs from their brains. Then we shall be in shape to talk and to understand."

"But some of the new members won't be equal to making the run easily."

"Form them into a second and slower squad, and let Dalzell coach them out to the woods."

Hal hastened away to weed out the new fellows who had not yet qualified well enough in running to be reliable on a two-mile jog.

This second squad was soon ready.

"Remember, Dalzell," warned Frank, "that your squad is no faster than its poorest runner. Don't use up a single man in the two miles."

"I won't," replied Dalzell. "I'll order a halt for a rest if it seems necessary."

"Start your men ahead of us, then."

At the word from Dalzell, who was a very fair young athlete, his little "booby" squad followed him out of the grounds at a jog-trot.

Five minutes later Frank Manley started with the larger and better trained squad.

It was such a perfect morning at the end of September that to these lively and healthy young athletes there seemed to be huge pleasure just in living.

They moved off at a long, slow stride.

It was not necessary for Manley to lead the way or to set the pace.

These youngsters had been running long enough to know just what sort of a stride and how many strides to the minute were needed in a seven-minute jog.

Nor did they have to count the strides or measure them in any way. To trained young athletes the gait and the stride came as a matter of second nature.

There was no hard breathing to be heard. There was no effort of any kind to be seen.

Most of these youngsters were as capable of jogging ten miles as two.

Almost unconsciously, they ran in little groups—just as chum-ships had been formed in the club.

So it fell about that with Frank ran Hal, Joe Prescott, and Jack Winston.

Had Inow Sato, the young student who represented Japan in the club, been present, he would have run with this group.

But Sato had been laid up for several days by a dastardly attack from behind, administered by an enemy of Manley.

It had been feared at the time that the popular young Japanese student would lose his life.

Late reports, however, had been wholly good. Sato had now been sitting up for a few days and was soon expected back at the athletic grounds and the gym.

A mile and a half out, Frank's squad overtook Dalzell's little squad of "boobies."

Two of his men showed signs of hard breathing, and Dalzell had judged it best to slow down to a walk.

"Take your time about coming on," Frank called, as he passed. "We have something to talk about, though, when you arrive."

A short additional run, and Manley's outfit loped in under the trees.

Each youngster showed in his face the flush of healthful exertion, but no one showed the redness of over-exertion.

"I wonder how many of you fellows can play football?" smiled Frank as he looked over the lot.

"All of us, of course," retorted Joe, solemnly. "Can't we, fellows?"

"Sure!" came the emphatic answer.

"Well, the tests ought to show," rejoined Manley.

"Tests?" echoed Joe, with an injured air. "Fellows, I call that insulting. Tests? Why isn't he willing to take the word of gentlemen that they can all play great football?"

"That's the idea!" shouted one of the probationary members, laughingly. "Manley has no right to doubt our word. We're all players!"

"Down with tests!" roared Bob Everett.

"Thank you," smiled Frank. "This novel way of determining the fitness of men will save the board and myself a good deal of hard work and anxious thought."

Dalzell's squad was now in sight, finishing with another slow attempt at a jog.

Manley waited until these men were on the ground, and then he opened the ball at once.

"Now, fellows," he began, "we're ready to discuss the forming of our football eleven. The first thing of importance, it seems to me, is the choice of a manager. Any suggestions?"

"Yes," put in Hal, after looking around to make sure that no one else clamored to be heard. "Jack Hollister

managed our baseball club during the summer. He did it mighty well."

"That he did," came the approving comment from several.

"Therefore," hinted Hal, "I suggest that Hollister be asked if he will manage the football team this fall."

"Good!" came a chorus of approval.

"Jack, are you willing?" demanded Frank.

"What do you say, captain?" asked Hollister.

"I'll say anything that will induce you to accept the post," replied Manley, earnestly. "You're just the fellow for the place."

"Any kick?" demanded Frank, looking over the crowd. "Not a murmur? Then, while it isn't exactly a parliamentary way of doing things, I declare Hollister chosen for our manager this season. Now, then, we have another important official to think of. We need a coach."

"Then I move that we also re-elect our baseball coach to the present post," called out Joe Prescott.

There came a veritable clamor of secondings.

"I want you to think seriously about this, fellows," begged Frank. "Our club has achieved some little reputation. Incidentally, the baseball season has left a goodish sum of money in the club treasury. We can really afford to hire a professional coach."

"What do we want him for?" questioned Bob Everett. "We've got a good enough coach in the club."

"But I feel that you can get a more capable coach if you hire a professional," urged Manley.

"You're all right, Frank," shouted several.

"But Bradford had a professional baseball trainer and will have a professional for the football season."

"And Bradford won second place in the ball league," jeered Joe. "Our old home-made coach put us in the way of getting the pennant. I'm all in the way of thinking that Manley will be a good enough coach for the gridiron season."

"Perhaps Frank feels that, on account of his studies and his store, he will not be able to spare the time," hinted Winston.

"No; it isn't that," replied Manley. "I shall manage to devote a good deal of time to the club, and it doesn't matter to me whether I do it as coach or sub. Only I want to be sure that the club has the best possible chance for being first-class."

"The club will be suited with keeping its old coach," declared Dalzell, and there were many nods of assent.

"As long as the club is able to pay a coach, we might as well pay Manley for his services," proposed Si Prentiss.

But our hero turned on the speaker like a flash.

"That won't do," he negatived. "I'm an amateur athlete, and whatever I may do for the club must be done without pay. No, no; no pay for me! The only question is whether a professional coach can't be found who will carry the club further forward than I can. I am inclined to think that the professional coach would be an idea worth the trying."

"And I move," put in Hal, briskly, "that it be declared

the sense of this meeting that the club wants Frank Manley to step right into the shoes of the coach and to stay there until the close of the season's last game. Then, and not till then, we'll hear of a coach from outside. But while we're winning games this season in Woodstock's name we'll do it wholly with Woodstock material and Woodstock brains."

"Wow! That's the talk!"

"Hurrah!"

There was no use in discussing that question any further. Manley was triumphantly declared to be coach.

"We want a second captain, in case I am to be coach and captain, too," declared Frank.

"Well, we can afford one," grinned Joe; "especially as the precedent has been established that no member of this amateur club can charge a cent for his services."

"Hal ought to be the second captain," spoke up Jim Larabee. "He's our second-best all-around athlete, and I suppose it's a cinch that he'll be on the eleven."

"Yes, yes! Hal!" came the chorus.

"Is that the general decision?" queried Frank.

There being not an objection, Hal was declared second captain of the team.

He would be needed as a possible substitute for our hero and also to captain the club in practice games where our hero remained at the post of coach.

"From now on," resumed Frank, "we shall be very busy in trying out fellows for the regular eleven. We shall want also a second eleven and a few substitutes. Now, I would suggest that the selection of the men be left to the board of control, the board to report to the club for its approval."

"And I further suggest," advised Joe, "that we leave the decisions as to the men, in the main, to our coach and captain, he to consult the members of the board, if in doubt."

This view also prevailed.

Then Frank gave the word for the start back to the grounds, with the added information:

"Something will be doing at the club grounds this morning!"

If that meant anything, it meant that tests would be put under way for determining who was fittest to try for football honors!

CHAPTER II.

MORE DRILLS WITH THE BAGS.

"The first requisite in a football player," explained Manley, as he marshalled the crowd once more at the grounds, "is all-around physical fitness.

"First of all, of course, a football player must be a runner. Every one of the fellows who stands any show of being on our team this year is a runner.

"But a man may be a runner, and yet not be strong enough for scrimmaging on a football field. So for our football team we must pick runners, and runners who are strong.

"Now, in the baseball season you will remember that some of the fellows who were playing at first were supplanted by better men later on. So, in this football season, it is quite possible that some of the fellows chosen at first will be passed, later on, by new men who develop into better material.

"Therefore let no fellow be discouraged because he isn't chosen at the first-off.

"Now, as to the first selection of material. We know who the capable runners are. We don't need to have tests in running. But we want to find out who the strongest men are among the runners.

"For this purpose I am going to show you a new drill this morning. It is a fine test of strength, and it is also a splendid way of exercising for quick increase in strength. In fact, for getting strong quickly it beats anything that I have seen.

"You all remember the bag drill of last week.* Well, to-day I am going to show you how to carry the bag drill further. I shall show you how to strengthen yourselves in record time."

Manley paused to call attention to a row of bags.

They were ordinary meal-sacks, capable of holding about two bushels each.

Those that lay on the ground before our hero were filled with varying weights of sand.

Each bag was securely tied at the neck, and on each bag, in ink, was marked the weight, ranging, by tens, from ten to one hundred pounds.

"Each man must be very, very careful not to select a greater weight than he can handle," warned Manley. "I hope I shall be able to impress upon you the great importance of this. The man who handles more weight than his strength will really permit will be doing himself more harm than good.

"Yet it is really easy for each man to find out what weight he can handle. Any weight that causes him to feel sore and tired continually is altogether too much for him. But the greatest weight that a fellow can handle with comfort is the one with which he should work.

"Now, for the first drill, I am going to take a light weight on purpose."

Frank picked up one of the twenty-pound bags, holding it poised with both hands just over his right shoulder.

"You will notice," he explained, "that I am standing with my toes at a starting-line."

The line was drawn sharply in the ground. Six feet further on was a parallel line, and beyond that another parallel line at every foot up to twenty feet.

"Now, when I hold the bag poised in this way," explained our hero, "I poise it for a throw, and then I throw it over past the six-foot line—so."

As a matter of fact, our hero threw it past the twelve-foot line, and he did it with ease.

"The fellow who can't throw a bag past the six-foot line," resumed Manley, "must pick out the next lightest bag. If he fails with that, he must take a still lighter bag, and so

*Described fully in No. 3 of Frank Manley's Weekly.—Editor.

on down the list, until he has found a bag that he can throw over the six-foot line.

"Having found just the weight of bag that he can throw past the six-foot line, the young man who is practising must then make twenty throws in all with that weight of bag.

"Twenty throws at a time is enough. But this must be done at least once a day during the football season by all candidates and team members.

"Another point: Don't make all the throws from your right shoulder. Make just as many throws from the left shoulder as you do from the right. One side of the body must be just as well developed as the other."

"Is a fellow allowed to make more than twenty throws at an exercise bout?" Joe wanted to know.

"Oh, yes; if he wishes," replied Frank, with a quizzical smile.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Joe, there is so much more work to be done with the bag that I guess you'll find yourself satisfied with the twenty throws."

"Oh!"

"Remember," went on Captain Frank, "that a football player, like any other athlete, must be careful to vary his hard work with enough work that is quick and light. That prevents him from becoming muscle-bound.

"Here comes some lighter work with the bag. Pick out a bag of much less weight than you used in the last drill. Now, with this very light bag—I have picked out the ten-pounder, you see—lift the bag with both hands and hold it in any way that you prefer. But, with your feet at the starting-line, see how far you can hurl the light bag. Having made the throw, measure the distance between the starting-line and the nearest part of the bag.

"You should not be contented, in this drill with the light bag, unless each week shows that you can throw the bag considerably further than you did the week before. Each man should keep his own record of the distances he is able to throw the light bag."

"And in this drill how many throws?" asked Joe.

"If you throw with all your vim, six throws with the light bag should be enough in a morning or afternoon's work."

Frank paused to see if anyone else had questions to ask. Then he requested:

"Follow me, please, for the next drill."

He led the way to where a rough platform had been built above the ground.

"It is just eight feet from the ground to the platform," explained the young trainer. "Now, the fellow who is practising should stand just beyond one edge of the platform. He selects the weight of bag with which he can work best. For this feat I am going to use a fifty-pound bag this time. Some of you will have to use a lighter bag at first."

Frank picked up the bag with both hands, poising it on his right shoulder.

"Now, getting a good lift on the bag, toss it up on to the platform," he directed. "So."

He tossed the bag up so that it landed full on the platform and stayed there.

"Of course there will have to be one fellow up there to pass the bags down again," our hero added. "Now, you will find this a very easy throw to make with some of the lighter weights, and a hard throw to make with a heavy bag. You must use judgment in picking out the weight for your own case."

"How many throws at this game?" persisted Joe.

"Ten in an exercise bout. That means five throws starting with the bag on the right shoulder, and five more starting with the bag at the left shoulder."

"This begins to look like work," muttered one of the new members.

Manley overheard him, and laughed.

"It is work, my friend. It is meant to be work. It is based somewhat on the day's work that a stalwart truckman has to do. Now, in football, as in many other cases in life, it is an excellent thing to have strength like a truckman's. Persistence in this bag work will make a powerfully strong fellow of any young athlete."

"Is this all of the new work?" asked Joe.

"Not quite. There's one more drill—and it will make some arms and backs ache at first, I'm thinking."

Our hero now led the way to a corner of the grandstand.

Here a single pulley had been made fast to the edge of the roof, and the ropes trailed on the ground.

Hal, Joe, and Everett, at the young captain's order, had brought along some of the bags.

"Here again, you've got to find out for yourself the weight of bags that you can handle. You can use your greatest weight in this game," announced Manley. "Make a sling fast around the bags that you select. I'm using two of the hundred-pound bags for this work."

Frank deftly made the sling fast.

Then he hooked the hook at one end of the pulley rope into the sling.

Then, taking the other end of the rope, he stepped back a little and began to hoist.

"You do this slowly and without moving your feet," he directed. "All of the strain comes on your arms, shoulders, and backs. Haul the bags right up to the pulley. This pulley is fourteen feet from the ground. Having got the bags up to the pulley, hold them there just for an instant. Then lower slowly until the bags rest on the ground. Repeat this until you have hoisted the bags and lowered them ten times."

"I can see an addition to this exercise," suggested young Winston.

"I guess you can," smiled Frank, "and I imagine it is the same one that I am going to suggest now. Put less weight in the sling and hoist it with the right arm alone. Then try to hoist it with the left arm alone. Try to hoist as much weight with the left arm as you do with the right. Do this single-arm work five times with each arm.

"And now, with what I showed you last week and with the additional work that I showed you to-day, you have

enough for a full bout of exercise of the get-strong-quickly kind.

"But remember, before you begin this work, to take five minutes with the dumbbells.* After you have done all the bag work, then finish off with five minutes more of work with the bells. The object in using the dumbbells before and after the heavy work is to limber up the muscles and prevent stiffness."

"I see some aching backs ahead for some of us," grinned Foster, one of the new members.

"So do I," smiled Frank, "because, in spite of my warnings, some of you will be ambitious and will try to work with weights heavier than are suited to you. Those of you who do handle bags that are too heavy will make a mistake in training. Hal and I will try to curb those of you that we catch at straining."

"Now, in this bag work," asked another of the new members, "is it expected that those who stand no immediate show for football honors will go through the full grind of bag drills?"

"Not if it proves a strain," replied Frank, promptly. "The first thing that a fellow must learn when he starts in for training is to judge for himself how much he can endure. No fellow who wants to get strong has any business to carry his work to the point of strain."

"Of course, nearly all of you will feel a little sore and stiff after the first practice with the bags. But, if this soreness and lameness keeps up day after day, then you will know that either you are working with too much weight, or else that you are doing too many of each drill. In that case, you will have to study how much weight to cut off and how many times less to do each drill."

"There will be time for a little of this drill this morning, won't there?" hinted Hal.

"Yes; just about time for each fellow to ascertain, through practice, how much weight he can properly handle in each drill. Now, go at it, fellows. And remember not to try to show off by selecting more weight than you have a right to."

CHAPTER III.

"PROFESSOR" SATO LOOKS IN.

Once they got the hang of it, the Up and At 'Em Boys found that there was a great deal of sport in the bag drills.

Early in the proceedings Frank and Hal tried to stop any individual tendency to work with too heavy a weight.

After a while Frank stationed himself beside the grandstand where he could watch the hoisting work.

Out in the field were fellows going through with each of the other drills.

"That is good; very good work," said a quiet voice behind our hero.

Frank turned, and almost jumped with joy.

"Sato!" he cried.

"Yes!" smiled the Jap.

Inow carried himself as jauntily as if he had not lately been in danger of losing his life on account of a blow on the head.

"But how do you feel?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"I shall soon be strong. I shall go to the academy to-day—for a half a day, anyway."

"Be careful, old chap," warned our hero.

"Oh, I'm mending quickly now. Else what use would it be to be an athlete?"

"Fellows," shouted Frank, at the top of his voice, "do you see whom we have for a visitor?"

"Whoop! Hurrah!"

There was a thudding of falling bags and a rush of feet as most of the Up and At 'Em Boys abandoned their exercise in order to shake hands with the Jap.

Inow Sato was a decidedly popular member of the club.

"Gently," warned Frank. "Don't try to carry Sato off his feet the first time he shows up. Remember that he isn't very strong as yet."

Inow smiled almost reproachfully at our hero, then turned to shake hands with others who crowded about him.

"Now, everyone get back to his work," called our hero. "I want Sato to see it, anyway, for I want his opinion of it."

Back the boys trooped to their tasks. Sato looked on attentively, while Manley explained the points of each drill.

"It is very good—wonderful!" approved the little Jap.

"You like it, then?"

"It couldn't be better for winning strength quickly," declared Sato, earnestly.

"Do you have anything like this in the training work in Japan?"

"No; but I shall write about this to friends of mine who are Japanese trainers. They will be glad to hear about this great work and to try it in their schools."

Sato was plainly and honestly impressed with the merits of Manley's carefully thought-out work with the loaded bags.

The Japanese are wonderfully keen to see merits in new schemes of training.

"Too bad you can't get into the football work," said Joe to the Jap as the former came in from finishing his work with the bags and the final work with the dumbbells.

"Who said I was not to play football?" demanded Sato, with a look of surprise.

"Why, I suppose you can't, can you, after that recent and severe injury?"

"If I can't play football, then I shall be much disappointed."

"But do you really think you are going to be able to play?" insisted Joe.

"Of course I do."

"Then I'm mighty glad to hear you say it, for we shall need you on the eleven."

"Of course Sato will get in on the football work," cried Dalzell. "Why, we need him to teach us some jiu-jitsu that can be worked out in football."

Sato looked serious.

"What kind of tricks?" he asked, gravely.

* Frank Manley's dumbbell drill is fully described in No. 23 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.—Editor.

"Why," explained Dalzell, "jin-jitsu tricks that will paralyze our opponents. For instance, a way of pressing an opponent's back so that he will collapse and go down to the ground as weak as a rag."

"I shall teach you no jiu-jitsu tricks like that," retorted Sato, rather hotly.

"Why not?"

"Such tricks would be dishonorable. They would help you to fix other fellow so that he would be no more good at football. It would be unfair."

"But we ought to have a few good tricks of that kind," cried somebody else.

"Then get someone else to teach you," said the Jap, almost snappily. "I will not."

"But I guess," hinted Hal, with a smile, "that Sato has a few new tricks that would be honorable in football."

"Have you?" queried Winston, quickly.

Sato smiled.

"Perhaps I can show you few things?"

"Such as what?"

"Maybe tricks that will be useful in—what you call it? meddling? Is that the word?"

"Interference?" laughed Frank.

"Yes; that is the word," went on Sato. "Well, perhaps when we come to it I can show you ways to interfere with other fellow and make him feel like—twenty-nine cents?"

"Thirty!" amended Hal.

"But they must be honorable tricks only," protested Inow Sato. "Dishonorable tricks of jin-jitsu for use in football I shall not teach you."

"I agree to that," Frank put in, stoutly. "If Sato can show us a few clever tricks for interference, that will be grand. But we can't have any dishonorable tricks for laying opponents up—or even for weakening them temporarily."

"How soon will you teach us?" urged Prentiss.

"As soon as I feel a little more like running and tripping," promised the Jap.

"I begin to have visions in which Woodstock is winning games through Sato's new interference tricks," prophesied Joe.

"I think so," smiled Sato, with the peculiar smile that a Japanese sometimes shows when he is talking about some subject in which he knows himself to be a past master.

"Some of you fellows haven't had your last five minutes of limbering up with the dumbbells," warned Frank. "Better get at it while there's time."

That sent many of the youngsters scurrying away.

"Is there going to be a football league?" asked Sato of our hero.

"I don't know yet, but I'm afraid not."

"There was talk of it."

"Yes; but you see, the junior clubs' members don't control their time as well as they did in the summer. Some of the clubs could play games in the middle of the week and others can't. So the idea of a league may fall through, and we may have to content ourselves with as many match games as we can arrange for."

"What is Bradford doing?"

"Tod is to start the training of his club in full swing to-day."

"I am glad of that."

"Yes; the two clubs will have a chance for just the same amount of training. But Bradford is to have a professional coach. I wish our fellows would do the same thing."

"Professional coach?" repeated Sato. "We do not need one!"

"So the fellows seem to think. But I am afraid that there are some limits to my value as a coach."

All hands were trooping off now for morning bath in dressing quarters.

Frank Manley was among the first who were ready to start for home.

"I shall have a busy week," he mused as he walked briskly along.

It would have been a great surprise to him had he known just then how busy the week would be and in what an extraordinary way!

But the curtain of the future is a thick one!

CHAPTER IV.

"JUST GUS."

There was time after breakfast for a good bit of a walk before the beginning of the morning session at the academy.

Craving the open air and motion and not believing in more strenuous exercise than walking right after a meal, Manley strolled off at a leisurely pace.

His course led him down by the great mill, at the point where the railroad track wound by.

Here there were sheds and considerable of a freight yard.

The walk at this point was uninteresting to a lover of nature.

Frank was about to return to the academy, when, like a flash, his attention was arrested.

For an instant he stood looking on.

In another second the meaning of the scene that met his eyes rushed over him.

A paralysis of horror seized our hero.

It lasted, however, but a moment.

A train was coming—one of the fast passenger service. At this part of the track it fairly whizzed.

Just as the whistle was heard, Manley saw a boy of about his own age and build step out from behind one of the sheds.

Just an instant this strange boy glanced up the track at the onrushing train.

Then, with a queer smile on his lips, this young stranger stepped squarely to the middle of the track, his back turned to the train.

"He'll be killed!" gasped Frank.

In the next instant the real meaning of the scene flashed upon our hero.

It was a case of attempted suicide!

"He's trying to kill himself—the wretch!" quivered Manley.

It all happened in the briefest moment.

With a sharp indrawing of the breath, Frank Manley bounded forward.

He sprinted for the track at his hottest speed.

There was no time to deliberate.

His plan had to be formed in the three or four seconds that it took him to sprint the distance.

The train was right at hand, whistle blowing wildly.

There was no time to snatch the stranger from the track—to pull him backward.

There was but one thing to do, and Manley did it.

Without slowing up in his rush, he bent low, arms outstretched, as if in a football tackle.

Clutch! In that swift pounce Manley had the young stranger securely around the thighs.

In the same twinkling and with a not perceptible slackening in speed, Frank lifted the youngster bodily from the ground—dashed across the track with him—and both were safe!

No—not quite safe!

For a freight train was backing at some speed down on the siding.

Manley's leap carried his feet between the next parallel of tracks—right in front of the rear end of the caboose.

A falter at this moment would cost both their lives.

But Manley, with the alertness and instant intelligence of the athlete, saw this second danger.

Just as his feet touched he stiffened his muscles for a standing broad jump.

He made it in the same instant, carrying both himself and his living, quivering bundle four feet out of harm's way.

"Lie down there!" ordered Frank.

With an impatient gesture he threw the youngster to the ground and sat on him.

"Let me up!" ordered the other, half savagely.

"Not for worlds!" clicked Manley.

"Let me up!"

"Not yet!"

"You've no right to hold me down here."

"And you had no right to risk your life by what you did?" snapped Frank.

"Will you let me up?"

"No!"

"Meddler!"

The boy underneath began to struggle for his freedom.

He was a youngster of no mean strength, yet in the hands of a trained athlete like Manley he was wholly helpless.

Frank wasted no more words. But he held his queer companion down until the freight train came to a stop in the yards.

Then our hero yanked the youngster to his feet for a look at him.

Now that he took a good look at the fellow, Manley nearly fell over from sheer astonishment.

For the strange boy was almost an exact counterpart of Frank Manley himself!

"Well, I'm dazed!" admitted Frank, staring hard at his counterfeit.

Then, from each at the same moment came the astounded inquiry:

"Who are you?"

That strange situation set both boys to laughing, without either taking the trouble to answer.

"I guess we'd better have a talk," said Frank, finally. It will do us good to open up."

"If you expect me to talk," came the half-sulky reply, "you're barking up the wrong tree."

It struck Frank in an instant that one who had woes weighty enough to impel him to suicide might easily have good reasons for refusing to talk.

So instead our hero suggested:

"Will you take a little walk with me?"

"What for?" came the guarded reply.

"See those woods over there?"

"Yes."

"Let's go over there and come to something of an understanding."

"What for?"

"With a young fellow of your seeming tendencies," retorted Frank, "this doesn't seem to be a good sort of place to stand talking. I have something that I want to say to you."

"Since you took enough trouble to butt into my affair, I suppose I've got to listen to you," replied the strange boy, with a half-smile.

He was no coward at heart, this boy who could face death one moment and smile the next. That much Manley decided at once.

But Frank led the way in silence. He was thinking over what he wanted to say.

The other boy didn't want to say anything, and therefore kept his peace.

Under the trees of the grove Manley suggested:

"Let's throw ourselves down on this cool grass and talk on the level."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"First of all," pursued Frank, "may I ask your name?"

"Gus," came the slow answer.

"Gus what?"

"Oh—just Gus."

Frank looked his companion over keenly, then nodded.

"Very good, then, Gus. Now, do you mind telling me why you planted yourself in the way of the train?"

"I would mind it very much," came the gloomy answer.

"But you're in some kind of trouble?"

"Naturally."

"Isn't it a trouble that a stranger with a live and friendly interest in you could help you out of?"

Gus smiled queerly, then replied:

"No; I don't believe it's that kind of a trouble."

"Just try me," begged Frank. "I don't want your whole story. I don't want to be inquisitive at all. But suppose you give me just an inkling of what ails you and makes

you court a shocking death. I'll bet ten to one, Gus, that I can help you greatly."

"I know you would, if you could," said Gus, with a sudden burst of gratitude. "But you can't, and so there's an end of it."

"Now, do you realize, old chap," coaxed Manley, "that your mind is under something of a cloud just now?"

"I should say it is!" came the vehement answer.

"Therefore you can't think as quickly and as well as usual."

"No-o-o-o; I suppose not."

"Now, Gus, I can think just as quickly as ever. It is just possible that I could see something in your case that you can't see for yourself. Now, I don't want to be 'nosey.' But I feel certain that I can find a bright side in your past and in your nature, and make you want to live."

"If you can," retorted the other, with a curious grin, "you're a wonder!"

"Won't you try me?"

Gus pondered for a moment, then answered slowly but graciously:

"No-o; I guess not. Thank you."

"Won't you give me a chance to see whether I can help you?"

"It's awfully good of you to want to help, but you can't. You don't understand," protested the other boy.

"Try me," insisted Frank.

"No; I'm not going to say anything, and there's an end of it. But, I say! You're an awfully good fellow to want to be good to a poor, worthless, friendless, desperate chap like me. What's your name?"

"Frank Manley."

"I shall treasure that name—as long as I live," said Gus, thoughtfully.

"As long as you live? Now, see here, Gus; if you won't trust me—at least promise me on your solemn honor that you won't try to kill yourself again."

"Why should you ask that?"

"Because I've taken the greatest kind of an interest in you, Gus. Maybe it's because you look enough like me to be my twin. More likely it is because I can't help feeling downright sorry for a poor fellow who has gotten so low in the depths of despair that he actually wants to kill himself. I can't explain fully why I take so much interest in you, but, Gus, this much I do know: I'd like to be your friend. And I'd like to help you back to a path of fortune and happiness in life. Is your trouble anything connected with money?"

Gus gave a queer, indescribable start.

"What made you ask that?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Because if your trouble is due to shortness of cash, I can help you out a little. And I will, Gus."

The other boy looked relieved. Then he smiled sadly as he pulled from one trousers pocket a sizable wad of bank-notes.

"You see, I've got cash enough," he suggested.

Frank's shrewd eyes spoke the next query without words.

"You're wondering if I came by this money honestly,"

guessed Gus. "I'll tell you this much—that I didn't steal it or have anything to do knowingly with its being dishonestly in my possession."

That reply mystified our hero more than ever.

"Wouldn't it be just as well to tell me a bit more, Gus?" urged our hero. "You can trust me."

"I know that," said the other boy, rising. "But"—firmly—"I'm not going to tell you a word more. I would, only I can't honorably say one word more. So I won't!"

"What are you going to do now?" asked Frank, rising also.

"Vanish," came the mournful answer.

"Gus," laying a friendly hand on the other boy's shoulder, "do you realize what suicide means? It means that you've got more trouble than you dare to face. It means that you're running away from that trouble by the shortest cut. Now, a fellow who runs away from what he hasn't the nerve to face is nothing more nor less than a coward! A suicide is a coward every time, and no amount of maudlin sentiment can make him anything else. Now, you wouldn't want me to think you a coward?"

"No; I wouldn't," admitted the other, honestly.

"Will you promise me never again to attempt suicide?"

Gus hesitated.

"'Never' is a long time," he said, finally. "How would a definite time do? Suppose I promise for one week?"

"One year!" amended Manley.

"I won't agree to that."

"You think you may be a coward, then, before the year is up?"

Gus flushed painfully, but he replied steadily:

"I give you my word for a week. That is all I will do."

"Make this further promise, then, old chap. Promise that after the week is up, if a gloomy streak hits you, you'll see me or write to me before you—well, before you do anything cowardly. And promise that if you send for me or write to me you'll give me your address and wait long enough to get my reply."

Gus looked queer, but finally he blurted out:

"You've been such a brick—the first real friend I ever had—that I do promise. But you've got to make me a promise in return."

"What is it?" queried our hero, steadily.

"Give me your word that you won't mention me in any way to anybody."

Frank looked puzzled.

"Oh, of course," added Gus, quickly, "if I should do anything dishonorable, and which on account of my great resemblance to you involves you in trouble, then your promise will be off."

"I wasn't thinking of that, exactly," replied Frank, slowly.

"Do you promise?"

"Yes," answered Manley, readily. "And, see here, Gus: within a few days, come to me, or send me word where I can find you. I'll come. I want a good talk with you. Something tells me that I can help you to real happiness and usefulness in life."

"Well, we'll see," rejoined Gus, quizzically.

"You'll shake hands?"

"I wouldn't leave you without doing that!" came the sudden, grateful burst. "Frank Manley, you're a brick!"

Their handclasp was long and ardent. There were unbidden tears in the eyes of both boys. Then suddenly Gus broke away, faced about, and called hurriedly over his shoulder:

"Thanks and good-bye!"

Frank watched Gus until he disappeared down the road.

Then, with a sigh, our hero hurried toward the town, late at school and wretchedly ill at ease.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK GETS A QUEER "FACER."

"We must see Frank, and at once."

Up in his own room that evening our hero heard Dr. Holbrook's voice as the latter spoke to Mrs. Manley, who had opened the door.

"I'll call him down," replied Frank's mother.

"Coming, mother!" called Frank, over the balustrade.

He hurried down the stairs.

Dr. Holbrook, good old pedagogue and principal of the academy that Frank attended, was accompanied by another oldish gentleman.

This other was a Mr. Bemis. He had come with the influx of summer visitors and had remained over into the autumn.

"Take your visitors into the parlor, Frank," suggested his mother as she threw open the door of that room.

"And you'll come, too, won't you, mother?" asked Frank, thrusting one arm through hers after he had greeted his callers.

"At first, Frank, we would rather see you alone," interjected Dr. Holbrook.

Nodding, Frank showed his visitors into the parlor and placed chairs for them.

But now Mr. Bemis, who appeared to be under a strain of excitement, ignored the chair and broke forth:

"Manley, I don't know what to say to you!"

"Eh, sir?" queried Frank, astonished.

"Rather, I don't know how to say it."

"Why——"

"After what you have done for me, Manley!"

"I don't understand."

"Your rescue of me was such a noble one!"

"And quite unconscious, too, sir," laughed Frank, growing more puzzled.

"Why, now, Manley, it is I who do not understand you."

Dr. Holbrook looked puzzled, but Frank was ten times more so.

"There's something strange here, Mr. Bemis," went on our hero. "I guess I shall have to ask for explanations."

"What explanation can be possible, Manley?" broke in Dr. Holbrook.

"Why, Mr. Bemis intimates that I have rescued him."

"And do you deny it, Manley?" cried Mr. Bemis, regarding our hero with amazement.

"How can I deny it," laughed Frank, "until I know the particulars."

"This is most extraordinary!" ejaculated Dr. Holbrook.

"Amazingly so," declared Mr. Bemis.

"Gentlemen," insinuated the mystified Manley, "I think we shall get along more rapidly if we come to particulars."

"Particulars?" repeated Dr. Holbrook's companion. "Decidedly so! Of course, you must realize, Manley, that a man of my means must reward you in no usual manner. What are your hopes—your plans in life? How can I advance them for you. Money——"

"I am afraid I shall have to interrupt you, sir," put in Frank, as briskly as was polite. "We are getting no nearer to details."

"Details?" cried Mr. Bemis. "Ah, yes! That is exactly what I wish to talk over with you. Remember, I am a wealthy man. If you doubt that, Dr. Holbrook, who knows all about me, will vouch for me and for my wealth and——"

"With great willingness," assented the good old teacher.

"So let the details be what you will," cried Mr. Bemis. "For the present, it seems to me, I should assume all the expense of your living and education. And your pleasures—a summer trip abroad—an automobile—a yacht—and, to give you a feeling of greater independence, it seems to me that I should at once settle upon you a rather considerable sum of money. Further than that, after you are through with your education, it shall be both my duty and my pleasure to see you well and substantially launched in your professional career. I beg to assure you, my dear young friend, that you shall not find me lacking in gratitude after saving my life!"

"And when is that to be done?" queried Frank, bewilderedly.

"To be done as soon as you and I can arrange the details," replied Mr. Bemis. "I believe, certainly, that Dr. Holbrook can help us much in the formation of the plans."

"The plans for saving your life?" demanded Frank.

"Do not jest, my dear boy," begged Mr. Bemis.

"I'm not jesting," protested Frank. "I'm rattled—foozled—up the tree of bewilderment. What have I to do with saving your life?"

Mr. Bemis gasped.

"Perhaps you are prepared to deny, Manley," retorted the old man, "that you saved my life early this evening, and at the great risk of your own?"

"At the risk of seeming impolite, I certainly deny it," rejoined Frank.

"What?"

"At least, I am very certain that I did not save your life in any conscious moment of mine."

Mr. Bemis glared at our hero as if he did not know what to make of him—as, in truth, he did not.

"Manley," broke in Dr. Holbrook, rather sternly, "don't carry this jest any further."

"And I beg to assure you, my dear doctor, that I am as far from jesting as you could possibly wish."

"Let us see," retorted Dr. Holbrook, assuming an almost

magisterial air. "Manley, what did you do this afternoon after leaving the academy?"

"Went to the club's grounds, sir, and worked with our new football material."

"Ah! And at what time did you leave the grounds?"

"At about half after five, sir."

"Then what did you do?"

"I took a walk, sir, before coming home to supper."

"Ah! You did? And where did you go?"

"Up along the river road toward Bradford."

"Ah! hum! ha! So you admit that?" demanded the doctor, his face clearing a little.

"Why, of course I do, sir."

"And you will also admit that, at a point about a mile beyond the town, you saw a boat upset and saw Mr. Bemis floundering alone in the water?"

"I saw nothing of the sort, sir."

"Manley!"

"Doctor?"

"No more of this nonsense! Admit the truth of what I have so far stated."

"But, good heavens, sir, I can't admit that of which I have no knowledge!"

Mr. Bemis now took a hand in the inquisition. He faced Frank with something of the air of an accuser.

"I was floundering in the water," declared Mr. Bemis. "I felt that I must drown. I shrieked wildly for help, for I do not know how to swim a stroke. Every time I yelled, my mouth filled with water. Once I went down, but I came again to the surface. Again I shrieked for help."

"Then there was a splash near the shore. Before I could go down the second time, I felt strong, young arms supporting me and a cool, resolute young voice said: 'Be cool! Obey me, and there is no danger!'"

"Then my heroic young rescuer turned to make his way and mine for the shore. I was in an agony of terror, and I fought—resisted. I admit that in my terror and cowardice I wrapped my arms around my preserver's neck. It was a wonder that I didn't drag us both to the bottom of the river."

"But my rescuer fought nobly and brought us both to the bank. Then he began cleverly to bring me wholly to. As soon as I could sit up and look at my preserver I saw his face—and it was the same face, young man, that I am looking at now. More than that, you admitted your identity."

"Oh, I did, eh?" murmured Frank, confusedly.

"Yes, sir; you did! I took a good look at you, and I remarked: 'So it is to Frank Manley that I owe my life?' And you smiled and answered something about it appearing that your face was very well known. Now, what can you say to all this?"

"First," begged Frank, "kindly tell me what I did next?"

"The most inexplicable thing," retorted Mr. Bemis, vehemently. "As soon as you saw that I was wholly safe you turned and fled into the woods."

"Oh, I did?"

"That's what you did, young man. Well, I made my way back to the hotel, got into dry clothes, ate a little something, and then set out to find Dr. Holbrook. We two have talked this matter over most thoroughly."

"Now, Manley," broke in his old teacher, "I trust that you will not persist in your present nonsense any longer."

"It doesn't seem that it will do me any good to persist," smiled our hero.

"Ah!" cried Dr. Holbrook. "I am glad that at last you are coming to your senses and not attempting any longer to jest with two old men on so serious a matter."

"It's mighty serious," agreed Frank, readily, and then stopped short and gasped.

For like a flash, at last the meaning of this whole grotesque misunderstanding flashed upon him.

"Why, it was Gus!" he quivered inwardly.

Then:

"I saved Gus from a fearful piece of folly in the morning. Late in the day he saw a chance to make up for his wickedness of the morning by a good deed at night. It was he who rescued this old man. Then in his devil-may-care sort of manner he saw fit to let a deed of heroism redound to my credit instead of his own."

"Now, Manley," went on the good old doctor, in a half-soothing tone, "let us act like sensible beings and discuss Mr. Bemis' wishes."

"But I give you my word of honor, gentlemen, that I did not perform this rescue," protested Frank, earnestly.

Dr. Holbrook's manner was decidedly icy as he retorted:

"Then, Manley, can you be good enough to throw any light upon this very extraordinary matter?"

"Why, yes, doctor; I believe so."

"Then, proceed, young man!"

"Why—er—er——"

Frank stopped short in embarrassment.

He remembered his solemn promise to Gus not to refer to that young man's existence.

"I can't speak of him unless he does something that threatens to throw discredit on me!" quivered Frank. "Great smoke! Saving a man's life at the risk of one's own isn't an act tending to cast discredit. I am trapped. Gus, you rascal——"

"Well, sir?" insisted Dr. Holbrook, with intense dignity.

"I can say nothing, sir," replied Frank. "Believe me, gentlemen, I did not accomplish this rescue. Moreover, I am bound by a promise not even to throw on the matter the little light that otherwise I might be able to do."

"Stuff!" roared Dr. Holbrook, gruffly. He stamped twice on the floor by way of expressing his displeasure. "Nonsense, Manley. Now, discard all this raillery—very ill-timed, I assure you—and become a sensible young man."

"Why, what can I do?" asked Frank, genuinely distressed over the disappointment of his good old teacher.

"Do? Why, do what any other sensible young man would do! Admit what is as plain as the nose on your face. Get down to a discussion of the preferred nature of the reward, as any other sensible, rational boy in the State would do!"

Frank shook his head slowly—a gesture that filled the doctor's cup of wrath.

"Mr. Bemis," exploded the aged pedagogue, "this is not Manley's usual conduct, I assure you. The most charitable explanation I can find is that either the shock of the river experience, or else the jar that this sudden outreaching of prosperity has given him, has turned his head for the time being. In the morning he will be more sensible. Our business in coming here is one that can wait until another day. So I suggest, sir, that we now leave this very badly upset young man to his own thoughts. To-morrow, or some other day, we can bring him to discuss this subject like a sane being. Manley, good night!"

Dr. Holbrook stalked across the parlor and thrust open the door.

"Remember, Manley," was Mr. Bemis' parting shot, "whenever you become wholly rational again, I shall stand as ready as I am now to make your fortune for you. Good night!"

Frank could do no more than to wish his visitors good night. He realized how utterly useless it would be to attempt to say any more.

"Well, of all the queer pickles ever a fellow was in!" he muttered. "They won't accept my word that I'm not the hero. And, in spite of all my denials, one of these old men actually insists upon thrusting a fortune upon me! And I've actually queered myself with good old Dr. Holbrook!"

As Frank stood in the doorway, puzzling, he heard a faint rustling at his side.

Glancing down, he saw an envelope tied to the door-knob and swinging in the gentle breeze.

"What's this?" he wondered, breaking the string and inspecting the envelope.

It was simply addressed to him.

Breaking the seal, Frank found a note inside.

It was dated simply "7 P. M.," which showed that the note must have been written nearly three hours before.

"It must have been hanging here all the evening," muttered Manley.

But he received an unmistakable jolt when he read the body of the note:

"Unintentionally, I may have traded on the resemblance. I've just a notion that it may bring you great luck. If it does, take the luck, and you're heartily welcome. I don't want it—won't have it! Remember!

"Gus."

"Well, well, well!" gasped the half-stupefied, utterly amazed Manley.

Then an inner voice whispered to him:

"You great goose! Take this good fortune. Gus doesn't want it and freely presents it to you. Take the wonderful luck that has been thrust upon you. It may mean a barrel of money to you!"

A barrel of money!

The thought made Frank Manley thrill with a new emotion.

With all he had laid out to accomplish in life, money was absolutely necessary to him.

Frank Manley never made any bones of the fact, to himself or to others, that he wanted money, and lots of it!

CHAPTER VI.

"IT'S MY LITTLE GIFT. KEEP IT!"

New thoughts surged wildly through Frank Manley's brain.

Never before had he faced such a problem.

Candidly, he didn't know how to look at the matter.

Mr. Bemis insisted on doing wonders for him. Moreover, Mr. Bemis simply wouldn't have any denials.

And now, on top of it all, came Gus's laconic advice to accept what offered.

His sense of honor told him that he ought to insist upon the truth, and stick to it.

"But I've done that," he reflected, "and it doesn't do a bit of good. Of course, Gus is entitled to the rich reward, but he says bluntly that he doesn't want it and that he makes me a present of the luck. What on earth shall I do? Even my denials are of no avail!"

Closing the street door, Manley tiptoed softly upstairs to the door of his mother's room.

He would consult her. She, at least, would believe him.

But, on listening at the door, he heard her gentle, regular breathing.

She was asleep. He would not disturb her night's rest.

So, after making sure that his bulldog, Towser, was in the house to act as guard over his mother, our hero let himself out into the street.

"Perhaps a good walk will straighten my mind out," he thought.

He walked briskly, hoping for light on his muddled path.

But none came—nothing save an aching desire for the money that was so freely offered to him by both parties to the affair of the early evening.

"Mr. Bemis stated that he would see me handsomely started in life. Perhaps he even contemplates making me his principal heir," muttered Frank, feverishly. "And a good start in life—the problem to which I have given so much anxious thought!"

It was a fearfully perplexing situation.

"If I could only see Gus!" he thought.

Thinking of his "double," he almost unconsciously turned toward the railroad track. His walk brought him to the railway station.

There, at the nearer end, he saw a crowd so large as to excite his curiosity. He approached the gathering.

"What's up, Tim?" he asked of a young man in the crowd.

"Them folks down there," replied Tim, pointing with a thumb to a scattered little group at the further end of the platform.

"What's wrong with them?" demanded Frank.

"Secret service officers."

"What's up?"

"They've got four prisoners—counterfeiters," replied Tim.

"What?" cried Manley, in surprise.

"Yep; they had a joint all fixed up on the sly at the old deserted Harriman farm. Been printing notes at a great rate. The officers jumped the joint to-night and raked in the bunch."

"What are they going to do with them, Tim?"

"Going to take 'em away on to-night's train. The counterfeiters have to be taken before a United States court, you know."

"I'll have a look at them," suggested Manley.

"You'll get chased off, if you do. The secret service men ain't allowing no one near them prisoners."

But Frank thought it worth while to make a try. The officers could do no more than to chase him away.

There were six of the secret service men in all. Their prisoners were securely handcuffed, and the officers did not stand right at the sides of their prisoners, but nevertheless kept a vigilant watch upon them.

"No talking to the prisoners," gruffed one of the secret service men as Frank strolled near.

"I don't want to," was Manley's reply. "I just want to see what they look like."

The first three of the prisoners were middle-aged men. They looked like ordinary business men, with nothing about them to suggest criminals.

The fourth was slender and youthful in figure. He turned his head away before our hero reached him.

But Manley walked deliberately around the youngster, and thus got a fairly good look at him.

As he caught sight of the face, Manley all but reeled with amazement.

"Gus!"

The name came to our hero's lips, but he choked it down.

As for Gus, that young man now looked straight past our hero without the slightest sign of recognition.

After a moment of silence, Frank walked back to the secret service man who had cautioned him against talking with the prisoners.

"See here," said Frank, earnestly, "I am very anxious to talk with that youngest prisoner."

"Can't allow it," was the quick response.

"But——"

"Can't allow it."

"Won't you——"

"Can't allow it."

In his perplexity our hero turned, to see Chief Griscomb approaching.

To him Frank hastened eagerly and explained his desire to talk to one of the prisoners.

Then Griscomb made the request of the secret service man, adding:

"I know Frank Manley. He is one of our best young men. I'll go bail for him in anything. If he asks to speak to the prisoner, it's for a reason, and a good one—that I'll swear to."

The secret service man still hesitated.

"I'll put the request in the light of a personal favor to myself," urged the chief.

"Well, then, yes; you may talk with the prisoner a little while," consented the secret service man.

Frank uttered his thanks and turned to see if Griscomb was going with him. He would like for the chief to set eyes on Manley's double.

But Griscomb remained talking with the secret service man.

So our hero went briskly up to the youngster's side.

"Gus," he demanded, "what on earth does this mean?"

"I'm pinched," said Gus, briefly.

"But you're not guilty of wrongdoing?"

"They believe I am. I was caught with the gang."

"Gus, though our friendship is only a day old, in the name of that friendship, I demand an answer to a plain question: Are you really guilty of connection with this gang? Guilty connection, I mean?"

"What's the use of answering?" questioned Gus, doggedly.

"It's of great importance to me. Are you guilty? On your honor?"

"On my honor, then," said Gus, slowly, "I'm not guilty of intentional wrongdoing."

"Then it's all clear sailing," cried Frank. "Gus, you know the life you saved this evening? That old man, of course, believes that it was I who saved his life. He has been to my house and is furiously bent on making my fortune. Gus, I will tell him about you—I'll convince him that it was you—and he'll jump into the breach—never fear! He'll get the best lawyers for you. He'll get you out of this fearful mess with a clear name."

"He won't do anything of the sort," uttered Gus, shortly.

"Why not?"

"Because you won't tell him a blessed word. I hold you to your promise."

"But, think, Gus! You'll get out of this fearful scrape. And Mr. Bemis stands ready to make life a bed of roses for you—as far as wealth can do it."

"I hold you to your promise," insisted Gus, coolly. "A nice return I'd be making for the old fellow's gratitude—dragging him into a dirty scrape of this kind!"

"But, if you're innocent, you ought to be cleared!"

"No matter whom I drag into the mud with me!"

"Mr. Bemis will be delighted to——"

"He won't, I tell you," negatived Gus. "He won't have the chance. Now, you get some idea, Manley, of why I was so desperate this morning. I had just gained an inkling that trouble of this kind might come at any moment. I thought of the disgrace of it all—of the disgrace to my father's name. Manley, I'm just as innocent in this affair as you are, but I give you my word that I'd rather go to prison and rot there than have one word of the real inside of my case reach the public. Now, don't butt in the way you did this morning and spoil everything again for me."

"But think!"

"I have thought! Great smoke, how I've thought!"

"You face prison when you might go free!"

"I have my reasons, Manley."

"You go to the direst hardship when you might have undisturbed ease and luxury."

"I repeat that I have my reasons. Manley, you tried to do me a good turn this morning, and at the risk of your life. Believe me, I'm grateful, from the bottom of my heart!"

"But this good fortune!"

"Make use of it yourself. If you didn't risk your life for Bemis, you did for me. This luck, as you call it, is of no use to me. It's worth a lot to you. It's my little gift. Keep it!"

CHAPTER VII.

MANLEY ON HANDLING THE BALL.

All through the next morning's hard drill work our hero thought of Gus.

That young man had gone off without releasing Frank from his promise.

At the academy that morning began a new experience for Manley.

Dr. Holbrook, as he greeted our hero in the grounds, looked hopeful.

"Come to your senses, I hope, Frank?" inquired the good old teacher.

"It's a miserable misunderstanding," replied Frank.

"But Mr. Bemis——"

"I didn't save him, and I am afraid he'll never believe me."

"Perhaps there is another who cannot believe, you, Manley," went on Dr. Holbrook, significantly.

"Doctor, surely you don't mean——"

"I mean that you're incomprehensible, Manley," replied the old man, somewhat testily. "Can't you understand that your stubbornness makes me look very foolish with my old friend?"

"But I can't explain——"

"Won't, you mean, Manley. Well, have your own way. I have no means of compelling you. But I am disappointed—hugely disappointed in you, young man! All I can judge is that you have had so much success that at last it has turned your head."

"Oh, doctor!"

But the old man turned on his heel and marched glumly into the academy building.

From that moment Frank Manley was no longer the favorite pupil.

Instead, he had become, in his teacher's estimation, a fool who had added incomprehensible falsehood to great folly.

Throughout the school day Dr. Holbrook refrained from addressing his former favorite except when it was necessary.

Manley, on his side, did not try to break down this reserve.

He knew how useless this would be while his promise held him from offering any satisfactory explanation.

Strong natures have one peculiarity when under an adverse cloud.

Adversity drives them to hard work as a relief.

Frank showed up at the club grounds that afternoon with brisk step and preoccupied air.

He was silent while he rapidly donned football gear in the locker-room.

From the very fact that they were ordered to put on football apparel, the members knew that real and hard practice was coming.

"Made up two trial teams?" asked Hal, as he and others came up to where our hero awaited them in the field.

"Teams?" repeated Frank, smilingly. "We're not ready for team work just yet."

"Then what?"

"Why, individual work, of course. What would be the use of playing one scrub team against another before the individual players understand what is wanted of them?"

"Most of us have played football before," observed Joe.

"You'll all play it better this year, I hope," rejoined Frank. "Now, the way to go in for good team work is for each man to be trained, first of all, in individual work."

Frank's manner was brisk. He had a good deal of under-current feeling to work off, but the club was to profit by this fact.

"Now," began our hero, as the others gathered around him, "will some fellow kindly give us his idea as to the first thing to be learned in playing football?"

There was silence until Al Adams returned, slowly:

"Why, I suppose the first thing to learn is how to get the ball in motion—that is, in play."

"That sounds reasonable," admitted Frank. "But it isn't quite the case. You see, fellows, it's easy enough to get the ball in motion. The real essence of the game is in stopping your opponents from keeping the ball in motion."

"Tackling should come first in the instruction, then?" suggested Joe.

"No; the handling of the ball—what to do when tackled. In other words, when you're tackled, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you have to fall on the ball for a down. So the first thing to learn is how to fall on the ball."

"I believe I can do that," observed Hal.

"Of course you can. But there is a right way to do it, from which it follows that there is also a wrong way. It's the right way that counts. So stand out there, Hal."

Spofford took the place indicated in front of Frank.

"Now, then," went on our hero, "imagine that my side has the ball, and that your side wants it. I make a kick, and the ball is coming toward you. Now, of course, you want to stop the ball and keep it for your side."

"As the ball comes suddenly into your possession, Hal, and myself and my line are rushing down upon you, you know that you can hardly hope to dash through our line with it. So, naturally, you stop the ball and fall on it. Thus you have stopped the progress of the ball toward

your goal, and your side will have the ball in the next scrimmage."

"I understand that," assented Hal.

"So, as the ball comes suddenly into your possession, the first thing you do is to secure a down for your side."

"Yes."

"Well, then, I will kick the ball toward you. You stop it and make a swift down, before anyone on my side could get it from you."

Dropping the ball, Manley gave it a light punt that drove it straight toward Spofford.

Making a dive for the ball, Hal fell limply forward over it, at the same time grunting:

"Down!"

"Done like the average amateur," commented Frank, caustically.

"What's wrong?" demanded Hal, from the ground.

"Well, if you fell forward like that over the ball, with my line rushing at you, the chance is that you wouldn't be able to get down. The chance is also strong that one of my men would take the ball from you."

"Then how should I fall?"

"When the ball comes at you from in front," advised the young coach, "throw your body down sideways to the ground. As you fall, the line of your body must be at right angles with the course of the ball."

"As you go down, hug the ball to your breast with your arm. The instant that you touch the ground roll your body over on the ball so as to protect it. In fact, you should do it all so quickly that you begin to roll over on the ball while you are going down to the ground. Now, try it again."

The first time Hal tried falling on the ball in the proper way, he did not wholly succeed.

But after that he caught the knack and performed the feat to his captain's entire satisfaction.

Turning to the other members, Frank continued:

"Now, fellows, if you want to become real football players, you'll make a big lot of tries at this little trick."

"Go at this thing you've seen Hal do a hundred times in a day. Don't flag! There are footballs enough around here, and only two players are needed for practising the trick. You've got to just drill, drill, drill in this thing!"

Already Joe Prescott and Al Adams, with another ball, were practising the fall a little way off.

Frank looked at them, nodded approvingly, and that sent other couples scurrying off for practice.

Our hero went from one pair to another, watching, criticising, approving.

At last his whistle blew sharply.

"Of course, you understand," he called out, "that the ball doesn't always come to you from in front. Sometimes it may come to you from the right, at other times from the left."

"Yet, in these cases the fall is very similar. If the ball happens to come to you from the left, throw your body always to the right side, gathering the ball to your chest and covering it by a body roll as before."

"Or, if the ball comes to you from the right, fall to the left side and do the trick. Now, practise it both from the right and the left."

Again the field became a lively scene, Frank and Hal passing in and out among the pairs and marking out poor work for correction.

It was lively enough work to be good exercise. It takes practice for a football player to throw himself in such a way that he does not get bruises, sprains, or broken bones.

It took some of the fellows a long time, too, to acquire this very necessary art of falling properly on the ball.

Once more the shrilling of the whistle summoned the players to their coach.

"What you have been doing," resumed Manley, "is all well enough when the ball is coming toward you. But suppose it to be in motion away from you. How would you get the ball and make a down?"

There being no answer, Frank explained:

"Hal, run after Joe, and pass the ball to him. Joe, at the moment that the ball is passed, you be on hand to get it while the ball is in motion away from you. Make a down with the ball at the instant that you get it."

It required a few attempts before Joe could get the ball, moving away from him, at just the right instant.

When he did, he pounced upon the ball, gathered it close to him and threw himself flat.

"Down," nodded Manley. "You can get up, Joe."

Prescott got upon his feet, rubbing himself.

"Hurt yourself with your fall, eh?" quizzed our hero.

"Oh, not enough to grumble about," retorted Prescott.

"But in a hot game you might go down harder and get hurt worse. A man can't be spared from his eleven just because he gets needlessly hurt."

"Now, when you get the ball when it is in motion away from you, the way is to dive and fall on your side at the right instant. At the same instant that you are going down pull the ball to you. Never take the ball against the pit of your stomach, or you'll wind yourself. Try it again."

A few times more it was tried, and at last Joe had the performance down flawlessly.

"Now, here is another way in which the ball may come to you," suggested Frank. "There may be a fumble in a scrimmage, and perhaps the ball rolls toward you. In this case, you've got to act like lightning."

"If the ball comes right within your reach, don't move. Just shoot your legs up into the air behind you, and come down plump on your side, pulling the ball to you. The fall is an easy one that will not even jar you. This is what I mean."

At a signal from our hero Hal rolled the ball toward him.

Like a flash Manley threw himself upon the ball in the way he had described.

It looked easy, but a trial proved that practice was needed to master this method of making a down.

"How would a dive for the ball do?" questioned Hal, when the whistle had again interrupted practice.

"Never dive for a ball that is moving well," replied Frank.

"Why not?"

"Well, in baseball, for instance, you remember how erratic the course of a bunted ball is. On account of unevenness of the ground, the bunted ball is likely to jump to almost any point except the one to which you expect it to go. A football moving on the ground is even more erratic than a baseball. If you dive for a ball that is moving well, the chance is always that you'll luminox on your face, minus the ball, which some other chap gets."

"Now, diving is resorted to when the ball is moving very slowly and when there is great danger of an opponent getting it. Suppose you are somewhere from seven to ten feet away from the ball, and it looks as if an adversary would get it first. This is where you dive. Just hurl your body suddenly forward, falling on the pigskin and breaking your fall, in this case, by landing on your side. This dive is forward, but you have to back it up with a good spring, in order to carry yourself far enough. But in diving, don't make the mistake of throwing your body up into the air. If you do, you only fall with greater force and with greater risk."

"When a ball is rolling toward you," asked Joe, "what is the matter with picking it up, ducking, and then scooting with the ball?"

"Don't do it," advised Manley. "It's fifty times safer to fall on the ball and get a down."

The dive appealed to all of the youngsters. It was a rather spectacular bit of work as Manley performed it for their guidance.

Diving, however, is far from being as easy as it looks. It requires long and severe practice to get the knack down to where a first-class player should have it.

But, on the whole, our hero was well pleased with the way his best men acquired the knack of falling on the ball under different conditions.

Manley himself had such an appetite for work that afternoon, and the boys realized so thoroughly how exacting he was in the selection of his "crack" men that hard work prevailed and great progress resulted from this bit of instruction.

Every youngster looked flushed, intent and happy when it came time to wind up the afternoon's efforts.

"I'm more than pleased with to-day's results," announced Frank, after he had blown the whistle for the last time. "Now, tomorrow morning, when you come here, leave out most of the gymnastic work. Take a good dose of the bag drills, however."

"And for the rest?" demanded Hal.

"The rest of the time to-morrow morning, practise hard and briskly at every one of the ways I have shown you of falling on the ball. And may Woodstock exhibit some real football men on the gridiron this year!"

"Wow! Whoop! We'll do that!"

Confident that they were learning in the right way under such earnest coaching, the Up and At 'Em Boys were in rousing high spirits as they trooped back to the locker-rooms.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASSING AS A FINE ART.

"Now, then!"

The Up and At 'Em Boys came briskly to attention as Manley issued that preliminary call.

"Was it lively work yesterday?" he inquired, smilingly.

"Yes!" came the chorused answer.

"Then be of good cheer, fellows. We go a step higher up in football science this afternoon, and it'll be still livelier work."

"What's on the programme?" asked Hal.

"Passing the ball," came the prompt reply. "Now, anyone can pass a ball, or thinks he can. But passing is a real science in itself, and we want to master it in the thorough Woodstock way."

"The first thing to learn is the straight-arm throw. When you want to pass the ball in this fashion, rest the ball in the hollow of the inside of the arm. The points of the ball, of course, must be toward the shoulder and the hand. Curve the palm of the hand, and crook the fingers around the forward end of the ball."

"Hold the arm back of you, nearly at right angles with the body. Now, then, you use the foot that is on the side of the body away from the ball as a pivot. Swing the ball-arm and the body around on this pivotal foot, and let the ball go with a quick snap of the fingers. With this style of passing, after enough practice, you will find that you can send the ball swiftly and straight."

Frank illustrated, and then set the others to practising, his sharp eyes watching to see who made the most rapid progress.

Among those who really hoped to play on the Woodstock eleven there was no carelessness.

All understood thoroughly that the try-out for team material was under way.

Each youngster realized, therefore, that any lack of attention on his part would be sure to bar him from the eligible list.

When there is such a spirit in the work, the task of learning football rudiments progresses with a good deal of speed.

"Sometimes the overhand throw is useful," resumed Manley, after a spell of practice. "Now, this is performed in much the same manner as the straight-arm pass. The ball is held in just the same way, but you make the arm go through a half-circle over the shoulder. Just as you get the ball to a shade above the level of the eyes, let go!"

"That seems easy," spoke up Joe, after practising a while.

"Yes," nodded Manley, "and it's a swift pass, all right; but it is not quite as certain as some of the other passes. Still, there are times when you have to use the overhand."

"There's an underhand pass to offset it, isn't there?" queried Al Adams.

"Yes; and we're coming to that. Now, when you make the underhand throw, grasp the ball just as before and throw your arm swiftly back of you until it is up almost at right angles with the body. In this pass, your body should be bent well forward."

"Next, swing your arm swiftly down and forward. Don't bring the ball up high before letting go. While there are exceptions, the usual way of making the underhand is to let go of the ball just as the hand is at its lowest point in the forward swing.

"Then there is the toss. It is the quarter-back who uses this in most every case, but the other players should understand it. The toss is a quick, ordinary throw. It cannot be used for distance. It is employed when the quarter-back is passing the ball to some player who is to break through the line at a point away from the centre."

Even the toss proved to be a performance that requires much practice before one knows all that he should about it.

"The long pass," explained Manley, "is a trick generally employed by centre when he wants to send the ball to the back, who is expected to kick it.

"When this pass is used, the back is not more than twelve or fifteen yards behind centre. Now centre bends over as he would in a snap back. He must be able to see well between his legs.

"The ball must be thrown so that it will make as few turns as possible in its flight. And remember, fellows, that not one of the passes requires as much hard practice as this one does. Now, after I have shown you, go at it!"

For twenty minutes Frank and Hal watched the brisk efforts. Then the whistle blew.

"There is just one more style of passing," went on the young coach. "This is used by quarter in handing the ball to back just as the latter tries to break through the enemy's centre.

"Quarter-back must use both hands in this pass, which is known by the name of handing. He places the ball against back's groin, in most cases, though the part of the body should be just where the back seems best able to take care of it."

Using Hal as back, our hero showed just how the pass should be made.

Then a few minutes were devoted to practice.

"Before one can be a thorough master of handing," explained Frank, "he must understand how the catches are to be made. So we will go on to that, and come back for more handing drill later on.

"There are quite a number of ways of catching. Most of them I am not going to trouble myself to show. The reason for that is that there are only two catches that are worth learning—the groin catch and the elbow catch.

"Generally back will prefer the groin catch. For this the ball is passed so that it falls against the other player's groin. He must hold it there tightly with both hands, and at the same time bend his trunk well forward over it. With the ball at the groin-catch, the player should be in bully shape for a surge through the enemy's line.

"So much for when you have to force your way through the line. But the elbow catch is better—a dozen times better—when you get the ball for a run.

"In this case, get the ball on the more convenient side of the body. The ball must be in front of the elbow, and the arm under the ball. Just as you get the ball in this

elbow-catch, throw the other hand firmly over it. Tuck the ball back hurriedly and firmly, and run for all there is in it!

"Now, whatever you do, don't get in the habit of receiving the ball against the chest. If you do, the chances are ten to one that the ball will bound off, and then a smarter opponent will have it. Let the ball touch the groin before you close on it. Then get it securely, bend forward, and fight to advance the ball. If you do this well, it will be almost a miracle for a tackling enemy to dislodge the ball from your grasp. Now, then, fellows, get after the groin-catch as hard as you can!"

It began to look more like real football work now than ever. Manley was busy with watching out for those runners who made the best showing at the groin catch, which is such a vitally important thing on the gridiron at the critical moment of trying to break through a hostile and strong line.

"We've learned something these two days," glowed Joe, stopping at the end of twenty minutes to wipe away the streaming perspiration.

"That is to say," smiled Frank, "you've learned how to learn."

"Then you're not satisfied yet with our success in handling the ball?"

"Well, hardly!"

"You're a hard taskmaster, Frank," grunted Joe.

"Well, do you want me to be easier?"

"No; I guess none of us want that," Joe admitted, thoughtfully. "It's this grilling—this hard, downright punishment that seems to fit us for championships. This isn't any harder than the summer dose you gave us as a preparation for getting that pennant into Woodstock."

"Don't think from what I said," urged our hero, "that I'm not pleased with the progress made in these two days. I am; in fact, I'm tickled with the way many of you have gotten hold of the ball-handling. What I meant is that I don't by any means consider any of us perfect in this rudimentary work."

"We ought to have a training season fifty-two weeks long," grimaced Joe.

"We'd play vastly better football if we did," replied Manley, quietly. "But we can learn a whole good lot in the nine weeks that belong to football if we hustle. And most of us who play this year will still be in the game when next year comes around. Think what good football we ought to be able for next year!"

"It's this year that's worrying me most just now," protested Joe.

"Well, we ought to do some pretty good work this year. We don't need to waste any time in getting into physical condition. We're there all the time."

That evening Dr. Holbrook and Mr. Bemis took the trouble to call again on our hero.

Both gentlemen looked severe and talked stiffly this time. Curiously enough, as it seemed to Frank, they seemed to elect to regard him as a good deal of a culprit.

"Have your senses paid you a visit yet, Frank?" was the teacher's greeting.

"I think I've had my senses all along," replied Manley, quietly.

"Then why do you continue to insist that it was not yourself who pulled my friend out of the river?"

"Because, doctor, I stated the truth in the first place."

"Why do you still insist upon that remarkable claim, when the only result is to shut you out from benefits that I wait eagerly to offer you?" put in Mr. Bemis.

"The benefits—the reward—that you speak of," Frank retorted, "are what I would gladly accept if I could truthfully do it. Gentlemen, can't you—won't you—understand that I would very gladly accept the provision for my future that is offered?"

"But I can't carry out any such offer," cried Mr. Bemis, plaintively, "as long as you insist in such a remarkable denial. I never had any use for people who dislike to tell the truth. That is putting the case as mildly as I know how to do it. A change of front on your part, Manley, and I assure you your future will lead by the shortest cut to wealth. I am anxious to reward you for your splendid heroism, which has resulted in prolonging a life that is rather valuable to myself. Now, why should you refuse me?"

"Only because I can't truthfully admit what you claim, sir."

"Then," insisted the puzzled old man, "why won't you at least be candid enough to tell me the reasons for your refusal?"

"That I am not at liberty to do," Frank sighed.

His two callers, who had refused to seat themselves, looked at each other, then wheeled and made for the door.

When they were gone, and Frank had stepped back into the parlor, he laughed immoderately, though there was a severe frown on his brow.

"Confound it, did a fellow ever get himself into such a queer fix?" he demanded of himself. "And all through a fool promise!"

With a sigh, Frank glanced at the morning's paper.

It contained an account of the incarceration of the counterfeiting gang.

To the authorities Gus had given the added name of Smith—a fictitious name, beyond a doubt.

No case had been made out against Gus. But he had been found at the den of the money-makers, and that of course seemed abundant excuse for locking him up.

The name of the jail in which the counterfeiters were lodged was given.

Of a sudden, as if with a new hope, Frank crossed to the desk, and wrote rapidly:

"My Dear Gus: That fool promise I made not to mention your existence to anyone has gotten me into a mess of trouble.

"I am aware that you hold me to my promise merely in order that I may obtain for myself the great good luck that is offered to Mr. Bemis's rescuer. Now, candidly, that good fortune is not possibly for me, for the simple reason that

I can't have it until I declare that I really did perform that valuable service for Mr. Bemis.

"I'm not going to declare to a lie, so your generosity is wholly worthless to me. In the meantime, my observance of my promise to you has gotten me into trouble of a serious kind.

"Send word, Gus, releasing me from that promise! It is the best and the only thing you can do for me. If you have the money to spare, telegraph me a release from that promise, instead of making me wait to hear by mail.

"If you refuse to release me from the promise, Gus, I shall insist on believing that you do not care to be of great service to me. Hasten your answer to one whom you have placed in a wretched fix!"

This letter our hero went out to the post-office to mail at once.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRY-OUT.

"Go ahead—but I'm disgusted with you! Gus."

That laconic telegram reached our hero early Friday evening at the end of the school week.

Armed with this slip of yellow paper, Manley went in search of Mr. Bemis, whom he found at Dr. Holbrook's house.

Manley's reception was a cold one.

Both of these old gentlemen had reached an attitude that was one of practical aversion to the young athlete.

Backed by what they could not help regarding as positive evidence that they were right, they marveled at and were angered by our hero's steadfast denial of his share in a highly creditable event.

Now, Manley poured his story out swiftly, eagerly.

It was received in cool silence.

Frank backed up his claim by displaying the telegram.

Both Dr. Holbrook and Mr. Bemis read the few words with little display of interest.

"H'm!" said the academy's principal, non-committally. "Hah!"

"Not very interesting—nor convincing," was Mr. Bemis' listless comment.

It was more than human nature could bear.

"Very good, then gentlemen," flashed Frank, rising. "I have said my last word, then—except good evening."

He hurried from the house, raging and with hot, flushed face.

"One would think I was trying to swindle Mr. Bemis out of something," he muttered angrily. "Well, I'm through with them! I shall never refer to the matter again. Nor shall I help them to do it, either!"

If Mrs. Manley had noticed anything unusual in her son's manner, she at all events refrained from asking any questions, and our hero did not broach the subject to her.

In spite of his natural wrath, Manley slept well that night.

At the club's grounds Saturday morning he put the Up and At 'Em Boys rigorously through the scientific work of handling and passing the ball.

At the conclusion of the morning work our hero announced:

"This afternoon we will have the first try-out for team material. Be at the gym, ready to dress, sharp at two o'clock. We will have the afternoon work on the open ground just outside the gym. I may have a surprise for you all, but try not to mind it."

There was a mysterious twinkle in Manley's eyes.

That boded something like mischief.

The boys were curious, but long experience had taught the Woodstock Juniors not to expect from Manley information in advance of the time when it was due.

There was a full attendance at the club by the time that the afternoon hour came.

Manley advised them all to get into football togs, though he explained that there might not be practice for all.

Two temporary goals had been erected for the afternoon's work.

"Now, get busy with the falling and passing, all hands," ordered Frank. "Get in some swift work, but above all, try to do it accurately."

"Row! row! row! Bradford!"

The lusty chorus came ringing on the air, to the tune of horses' hoofbeats and the rattle of wheels.

Woodstock gasped.

Here were coming two 'buses jammed full of Bradford boys.

They were in full football toggery, too, these Bradford youngsters.

"Who invited them here?" quivered Hal.

"I did," smiled Frank.

"You?" gasped Joe.

"Yes; we'll have a try with them this afternoon. That's the surprise I had in store for you."

"Surprise? It's a staggerer!" put in Bob Everett. "We're in no shape to play Bradford as yet."

"Put it another way: Bradford is in no shape to play us yet," laughed Frank.

"But a game to-day, when we're just starting in," protested another Woodstockite.

The 'buses had halted near by, and the visitors were swarming to the ground.

Frank had just time to explain:

"I wanted to try out Woodstock. Tod wanted to try out Bradford. So we decided to do it by practising against each other. No score will be made to-day that will count."

Then the two captains hurried forward to meet each other.

They shook hands, while Mr. Wetherell, the young college man who had been engaged as professional coach to Bradford, looked over the Woodstock material with a critical eye.

Frank and Tod talked apart for a few moments, after which our hero shouted:

"Order, please! Captain Owen and I have decided to

pick out eleven good men on each side and have a trial go of ten minutes. Then a second eleven from each club will be picked out for another go. Scoring is of no importance to-day. It isn't a game. We merely want to try our material."

Tod announced his eleven.

Then Manley quickly called to himself Hal, Joe, Winston, Prentiss, Larabee, Humphrey, Gaylord, McGuire, Hollister, and Taylor.

Wetherell was to act as referee to-day, the other officials being dispensed with.

On the toss Tod won, and chose the kick-off.

Bradford was full of dash. After two downs the ball was close to Woodstock's twenty-yard line.

This was an advance of less than five yards from the start of the first scrimmage.

Frank took time to consult with his men.

"Bradford is playing hard," he said, quickly. "We must contrive to throw in more weight and momentum ourselves. It's a stubborn line that we have to go up against."

Prentiss, who was playing centre, sent the ball back to our hero, playing this time at quarter-back.

Frank tried for a left-elbow catch, but in the heat of the scrimmage it looked more like one of the chest catches that he detested.

But he ducked down low, held on, and tried to bang his way through the hostile line.

Just behind him were Hal and Joe, throwing their whole weight to crowd him through the enemy.

It was Tod's tackle that our hero wanted to discover.

Nor was Owen backward about showing it.

Bradford's line seemed to weaken, but this was strategy, and of a good kind.

For Tod threw himself forward at Manley's right, taking a strong groin tackle.

Hepnak, dodging, hurled himself at Manley's left leg, grappling just at the knee.

While Hepnak, holding on as if for dear life, tried to roll at the outside, Tod bore down and forward.

Not another inch!

The enwrapping arms and legs, the swift impact of sturdy bodies in that avalanche of assault, backed as it was by a variance in the direction of the tackling force, brought Manley ruthlessly to the ground.

The whistle blew.

It was evident that Bradford had been drilled to great advantage.

That formidable tackle opened our hero's eyes to a danger that threatened Woodstock's supremacy in the coming season.

A tackle practically by two opponents that could block the solid rush of three men was something that was not to be overlooked.

Instantly Manley decided upon a form of scrimmage that would meet this indication of Bradford's gridiron plans.

Now Frank passed the signal for some lively passing.

Once more Prentiss snapped back.

It was Frank who got the ball.

A swift, sure, straight-arm throw he made, and Hal, on the watch, caught and wheeled like a flash.

Humphrey, almost lost sight of around the left end, was in full motion by the time that the ball whizzed to him.

He got it—an elbow catch.

Then a roar of wrath went up from Bradford as they saw this new athlete of Manley's dart madly for the Bradford goal.

A yelping pack, Bradford rushed at Humphrey.

The first man to meet him Humphrey dodged easily.

The second man in his way Humphrey dodged to the right. But it was a feint.

Drilled by Manley in this work, Humphrey drew swiftly back, made a bolt to his left, jumped over his opponent's blocking leg, and then fairly sprinted.

There was nothing in the way—Bradford could get nothing in the way until Humphrey, charging over the goal-line, yelled:

"Down!"

At the same instant he threw himself forward, and the whistle blew the ball dead.

A touchdown gained easily. A try for goal would have followed in a regular game, but the ten minutes was up.

"I learned something that I wanted to know," whispered our hero to his chum.

"That we've learned to pass better than Bradford?" asked Hal.

"Yes, and that we ought to do well by sticking hard to passing practice. Work around the end ought to be good business for us, for did you notice how compactly Bradford bunches its line against our quarter?"

"That was the style of play just now," nodded Hal.

"I think it will be a part of Bradford's regular plan," resumed Manley. "Tod looks for me to play quarter, and his greatest effort will be to block me."

"Unless he sees how easily we can run around his ends."

"Tod's style of tackle is a mighty good one," ventured Joe.

"As for our tackling," smiled Frank, "I think we shall beat Bradford at that part of the game in another week."

"A better tackle?"

"Yes; one that divides our strength less than the Bradford style. It's a scheme at tackle that Sato has been explaining to me."

"Along jiu-jitsu lines?" queried Hal, eagerly.

"Rather! And it isn't exactly foul, either," laughed Frank.

There was a twinkle in his eyes that caused Joe to persist:

"Not a foul, but as near to it as is safe, eh?"

"Well," hinted Frank, "a tackle that is near to being foul, yet keeps within the rules, is a pretty good thing, isn't it?"

"I'm eager to see it," proclaimed Joe.

"You won't to-day!"

"When?"

"By the time that we are going at tackles in earnest—

next week! So far, we have been passing, while I judge Tod has stuck to tackling."

CHAPTER X.

THE CALL FOR GRIT.

"There's plenty of time for us to try out a second eleven from each club," suggested Tod, approaching our hero.

"We'll do it," nodded Frank.

Looking around over the club, he called out eleven of the lesser players, captained by Dalzell.

These two secondary teams were to have a ten-minute spurt.

"Remember," urged Frank, appealing to these members, "some of you may have a chance to-day to show something in the football line that will entitle you to a place on the first eleven."

That was incentive enough.

From the kick-off the Woodstock youngsters worked with a vim that made Bradford feel badly.

Dalzell, in especial, in his position of quarter-back, showed a wonderful knack in rolling when he was downed.

It is always of the utmost importance to advance the ball toward the enemy's goal-line, even if only by another six inches.

To steal a whole foot from the enemy after being tackled and thrown is a great thing.

And Dalzell showed frequently that he could gain a whole yard after being sent to earth.

This he did by hugging the ball tightly to him and rolling over and over until pounced upon and held still.

"Good work!" was the message that Manley's smiling nod conveyed to Dalzell as he rose, flushed and triumphant, after one of these rolls.

"Your fellows have some good work, all right," admitted Tod. "And I imagine you haven't been showing us your best tricks to-day."

"Have you been showing us your best?" asked Manley, innocently.

"We-ell, perhaps not all of them," agreed Tod.

"Wait until you see our running high jump," suggested Frank.

"Eh? What?"

"Where our man, with the ball, makes an amazing running high jump and passes clean over the enemy's line," suggested Frank, with an appearance of seriousness.

"What's that?"

"Oh, it's a wonderful way of getting clean past a hostile line," Frank assured him.

"Oh, come now!" grinned the Bradford captain.

"That's too tall a yarn, is it?" demanded Manley.

"Not any taller than the jump would have to be. Oh, confound that man of yours!"

For Dalzell had rolled this time in evading two Bradford men, and had made such use of his feet that both ducked out of danger.

Thereupon Dalzell went suddenly to his feet and was away like a shot, fighting his way to Bradford's goal-line and securing a touchdown.

"That's something we've got to learn how to beat," mused Owen, aloud.

The practice bout of the second elevens came to a close just as the fire alarm sounded from the engine house.

"You're all stopped from running to the fire," laughed Frank, as several of the boys turned to look eagerly at a distant part of the town where a winding column of smoke indicated the location of the fire.

Our hero knew that not many of them would care to run through the streets in all the toggerly of the football field.

But soon after the Bradford boys piled into their 'buses for the homeward trip, while the Woodstock boys hastened into the gym to get on their ordinary attire.

"There may be something of that fire left to go to," muttered Dalzell as he hurried with the changing of his clothing.

"Anxious to get there, eh?" smiled Frank.

"Of course, if it's a good one. Woodstock doesn't have a real fire so often that it isn't a novelty."

Frank was among the first to be dressed. He stood in the doorway, watching the distant smoke, when the telephone bell rang.

It was the station agent who called him.

"Got many of the youngsters there, Manley?" asked the station man, excitedly.

"Nearly all of the club present."

"Then there's a great chance for you, if you're equal to it."

"What's wrong?"

"Oil-tank car afire almost opposite the depot? If the oil explodes, it'll wipe out things in this neighborhood!"

"The fire department——"

"All away at the other side of the town. Come quick, you fellows, if you think you can do anything!"

"I'll see," and Frank rang off hurriedly.

In a few hurried words Frank stated the news, winding up with:

"Come along, like lightning! We'll see if there's anything we can do. I hope no fellow will funk, or even be slow!"

With a yell, the foremost of the Up and At 'Em Boys raced away toward the depot.

As they turned the corner they saw something of a crowd standing at what was believed to be a safe distance. Through these Frank raced, followed by Hal, Joe, Winston, and Sato.

"Come back, boys!" shouted a man in the crowd, as they passed. "You'll get hurt."

"It won't be the first time," Frank called back, reassuringly, over his shoulder.

At some distance from the depot stood the day telegraph operator, alone.

He was looking at a line of freight cars, the foremost of which was ablaze and smoking suggestively.

Just behind this was an oil-tank car, and behind that several other freight cars.

All stood upon a freight siding. There was no locomotive in sight.

On the depot platform, as Frank raced up, stood a solitary man, the station agent.

"There'll be something doing, mighty quick," gasped the agent, who looked as if ready to run at an instant's notice.

"There ought to be," said Frank, quickly.

"Nothing can save the box car, and we can't get it away," went on the man, greatly agitated. "That oil tank has been 'sweating,' and the wood under it is rich with oil. If that wood once gets going from the box car, it won't be long before thousands of gallons of oil go up. There'll be oil over everything around here. That business block"—pointing to a row of wooden buildings back of the depot—"will get afire from the oil. A good part of Woodstock's business part will be wiped out."

Frank's quick eye had been taking in the whole situation.

He glanced up the road at the crowd beyond—the discreet crowd that showed more curiosity than pluck.

To his chagrin, our hero saw several of his fellow-members up there.

"Jackets!" he called, quickly.

"Yes, Frank."

"Rush up there and tell all our fellows to hurry down here. If any refuse to come, note who they are."

Young Winston was off like a shot.

Turning to the station agent, Manley went on briskly:

"You have the key to the lower switch?"

"Sure!"

"Then get down there on the jump and be ready to throw the switch."

"What are you going to do?"

"Push that tank car where it can do no harm!"

"You'll be blown to kingdom come!" gasped the man.

"I don't think so. Anyway, it's the only sure way to save this part of the town," retorted Frank, decisively.

With that, our hero rushed across to the siding, followed by those who had been standing with him.

Then, in a tone which implied no doubt at all that he would be obeyed, Frank went on hurriedly:

"Hurry down to the switch. We'll get the car started—somehow!"

"Fellows, stand by me and keep your grit for a few moments. We can save the situation if we bunch enough muscle. Come on!"

Jackets rushed down the slope, followed by those whom he had succeeded in starting.

"Look out! Run!" yelled a trembling voice from the distant onlookers. "There's the tank car blazing!"

But Manley had already noted this. He had expected it at any instant.

Sparks from the blazing box car had ignited the oil-soaked platform of the tank car.

Swiftly the flames ran along. In a twinkling, it seemed, the platform of the tank car was enveloped in the blaze.

Quick work was needed now! No man could tell how soon the oil would explode!

It was wholly out of the question to push against the tank car. The box car behind it would have to be pushed against.

To the further end of this car Frank ran, uncoupling it.

"Get against this car, wherever you can get a good hold!" shouted Manley. "Don't lose a second—and push for all you're worth!"

Some of the boys darted under the car to get a hold on the other side.

"Four more for the other side, and two more at the rear," Frank directed briefly.

He had noted that he had about twenty of the youngsters in all.

"Come back! Come back!" yelled a dozen voices in the distant crowd. "You'll all be killed!"

Two or three of the boys wavered. It was a ticklish place, as all knew.

"Don't pay any heed to the crowd, unless you want to be convicted of cowardice," said Frank, sharply. "Any fellow who deserts to-day must stand the stigma of it."

Seeing his little force disposed of to the best pushing advantage, he himself sprang into place, putting forth all the strength in his young strong arms.

"Now, then—all together!" he sang, cheerily.

How they pushed! How they strained!

To get those three cars started was a fearfully hard thing for twenty boys to accomplish.

At first it seemed as if they could not get a budge out of the cars.

Then there came a creak. Something was starting.

At last the cars were started.

Yet they moved only by inches.

Could these young athletes stand the fierce strain?

Some of them felt their muscles giving already.

And the wind brought back to them the fumes of burning oil from the soaked platform of the tank car.

At any moment the thousands of gallons of oil might explode.

Several young faces were white—their owners sick with fear!

"Keep it a-going!" gritted Frank. "Every fellow try to push a pound more! Now, then—all together!"

They obeyed well. The train now took on a regular momentum.

Slowly the three detached cars crept over the rails toward the switch.

Yet so slow was the work that, had any two boys let go, the cars would have come to a standstill.

"Keep a-pushing!" cheered Frank. "We can't fail now. Bring all your endurance and wind to the front—and we'll save this old town!"

Many of the boys had fathers who owned stores or were employed in the business buildings that were imperiled by the threatened explosion.

"A little harder, fellows! A little harder!" cried the invincible young general.

The cars had been moved a dozen feet by this time, but

more than four hundred yards of distance must be covered ere their labors could result successfully.

Could they hold out? Or must they retreat, baffled and afraid?

"Come, just a couple of pounds of push more apiece!" shouted Manley. "Now, then!"

And by this urging he caused them to exert enough more strength to make the cars seem to roll briskly along.

Five minutes! If they could hold out that long all would be well!

Well—that is—if the oil did not sooner become hot enough to explode!

For now the platform of the tank car was a sullen mass of flame.

Catastrophe would come at the instant when the oil became heated enough to expand and seek more room.

"Come! We can do better!" yelled Frank.

"Come back! Run! You haven't half a minute to lose!" came the almost faint appeal from the discreet crowd. "You boys are running into sure death!"

"Let them howl!" derided Frank, though his lips were twitching nervously.

Dick Gaylord let go of the car.

The absence of his muscle was noted almost instantly by the lessening speed of the cars.

"What's the matter, Dick?" called Frank.

"Too dangerous!"

"Nonsense!"

"I don't want to get killed!"

"You won't be. Keep your nerve!"

"I'm going back."

"Stop that nonsense, Dick. Come back and push. We're losing speed."

Frank spoke as coolly as if it were some ordinary question of work that he was discussing.

Dick had halted, but now he began walking backward, loth to back out, yet genuinely afraid.

"That's right! Come back! The rest of you come back, too!" came the appeal from the onlookers. "We don't want to see you all killed!"

"The cowards!" vented Manley. "Dick, come back here, quick! We need you."

"Nope!"

"Not going to back out, are you?"

"Yep."

"Dick, I thought you had some sand. Don't make fools of us. Show your sand, old fellow! Come back here at once, and get hold. We need that muscle you've been training the last year."

"You can't succeed," quivered Dick, halting, but looking around prepared to scoot.

"Yes, we can, and we need you. Come! Show your sand!"

"Dick hasn't got any," jeered Joe, who was panting and sweating with his superhuman efforts.

"Dick never did have any," panted Hal, from whom the perspiration was pouring.

"Baby!"

"Coward!"

Dick's face grew whiter with shame than it had from fear.

"Baby? Coward? No sand?" he glowered. "I'll show you fellows!"

With a last look back at safety, Gaylord darted forward, got his old place against the third car, and began to push with might and main.

"Good!" panted Manley. "That's carrying us ahead. Dick's all right!"

A hundred yards of the distance had been covered. Another hundred yards to the switch remained.

Down there the station agent stood by the switch, which he had thrown open.

He stood as if fascinated by the splendid grit of the Up and At 'Em Boys.

By this time the heat had become severe.

The forward end of the car against which the boys were pushing had caught, and the flames were acting greedily.

"It's fine—but they can never make it!" groaned the station agent.

There was a thud, and one of the boys fell.

It was Jim Larabee.

He had been pushing like a Trojan, and close to the forward end of this third car.

Now the heat and the smoke, added to the fearful strain on his body, had proved too much for him.

He had fainted.

And he would have fallen under the car, but Hal, acting on the spur of the moment, pushed him aside so that he fell outside the track.

"Can you talk, Jim?" hailed Frank.

There was no answer from the fallen athlete.

"Remember, fellows," warned Frank, "we must pick him up and carry him with us when we come back!"

That was all. To take care of Larabee now would mean the detaching of so many hands that the cars might come to a standstill.

"We've got to push harder, now, fellows. We're one man short, you know."

The heat was increasing. It was fortunate that oil is so slow to explode. A tankful of benzine would have gone up long ago, spreading death all around.

"Bully, fellows," came Frank's cheering voice. "We're doing finely. Those who can, look ahead and see where we are now!"

They looked, and saw just ahead the open switch.

Half of the necessary distance, then, had been covered.

And the cars were moving along, steadily if slowly.

If they could hold out for perhaps two minutes more, then the blazing cars could be abandoned in the empty freight yard, where an explosion could do little or no harm to the town.

CHAPTER XI.

LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE.

What had come over the station agent at the switch?

For suddenly his worried face became ashen white.

He staggered, almost fell to the ground.

Then, quivering, shaking, he came hurrying forward, not directly, but cutting a wide semicircle around the little train of three blazing cars.

"Get away from there—quick!" he bawled hoarsely.

Three or four of the Up and At 'Em Boys, under high nervous tension already, obeyed literally by abandoning their posts and springing wide away from the cars.

"Come back here!" shouted Frank, sternly.

Then to the station agent he shouted:

"What's wrong?"

"That car you're pushing——"

"It's afire, of course. Well?"

"I forgot——"

There was agony in the man's voice as he paused for a brief instant.

Then, gulping hard, he managed to gasp out:

"There's dynamite in that car!"

Three or four more boys left their posts in a twinkling.

With so many hands gone, the three cars came to a standstill.

But Manley was after them in a trice, like a human whip—his tongue the lash.

"Get back to duty—every coward of you!" he shouted sternly.

"Come on!" begged Hal, white and trembling, but standing stanchly at his post.

"Come here and give a hand!" yelled Joe. "We've almost got the cars where we want them."

Frank laid hands on the quivering Dick—pounced upon him, grappled with him with might and main, wheeled him, and fairly ran him back to the car.

Slam up against the hot wood went Dick.

"Stay there!" panted Frank.

Then to the others who had darted back he shouted, while he looked them over sternly:

"There's time to appeal to you only once. Those who can't bear the thought of walking Woodstock streets as branded cowards hereafter get back to duty! Come!"

He stood for an instant to note the effect of his appeal.

For a highly strung boy, with a nervous organization, to dart back momentarily from danger, Manley could find no word of blame.

But the one who hesitated now more than a moment would forever lie under the contempt of the captain of the Woodstock Juniors.

With a cool but gratified smile Manley saw every one of the momentarily timorous start back to the third car—the one that contained dynamite.

"Good enough!" vented Frank, as he too raced back. "Now, push like blazes!"

"Get away from that dynamite! Are you lads crazy?" cried the station agent, hoarsely.

"If you haven't the nerve of a man," called back Frank, tauntingly, "don't try to destroy it in others."

"Go back to the women and children, where your kind belong!" yelled Joe Prescott.

"Push—hard!" quivered Manley.

The cars were under way again.

They had cleared the switch now.

Looking back an instant over his shoulder, Manley saw the station master walking back out of danger.

"Pick up our friend who fainted!" bawled our hero. "Carry him back to safety."

A second glance an instant later showed the station master with Larabee's limp form on his back.

The railroad man, his nerve gone at last, was making the best use of his time that he could in saving a braver human being.

Not one of the boys showed any sign now of again deserting the post of duty and danger.

They were looking into the near face of death, and they knew it.

But Manley's quiet contempt had stirred them.

They could stick now.

Into their souls came that sense of something to be done that makes soldiers feel that death is better than desertion.

There was a slight down grade at this point, and the cars were moving faster.

"Hurrah!" quivered Frank. "We've got to stick only a trifle longer, fellows, and everything will be all right."

"If the blamed oil and the dynamite don't make everything all wrong," vented Joe, inwardly.

But he was one who could estimate the whole danger and be frightened by it, yet not desire to run away.

It is in this that real bravery consists. He is truly brave who fully knows a danger and yet hesitates to run away from it when his presence can accomplish something.

There was no braver boy in Woodstock than Joe Prescott.

He and Frank Manley together could have faced an army and gone down before it at need.

Nor was Hal's courage less. It was only of a quieter kind where the determination to stick to the end brings with it a sort of mental numbness that prevents full realization.

As for little Jackets, he was nobly doing more than a man's work simply because it was the sort of thing that Frank Manley expected a fellow to do.

Inow Sato was straining as hard as any of them, yet with a smile on his face.

His was the kind of courage that could storm a Nanshan Hill without a single thought as to whether death or life was to be the outcome of the adventure.

And now something truly cheering was happening.

The car, going on a slight down grade, was rolling after the two blazing cars ahead.

"Just another few yards!" yelled Manley. "Our task is almost over!"

On went the cars, rolling faster and faster.

"Get ready!" shouted our hero. "Be ready to obey at the instant!"

Twenty yards further they went, and then came the welcome order:

"Let go!"

In a twinkling the cars were abandoned.

"Back! Run!"

They needed no urging. Only Hal seemed slow to obey this last order.

For some time he had been at his post, expecting instant death.

Now, it seemed as if he could hardly realize that the strain of work was over.

Though he stepped away from the car, he stood looking after the three as they slid down the slight incline.

Frank, who had tarried to see that the last youngster was safe, dashed at Hal, seized him by the shoulder, and wheeled like a flash.

"Scoot, for your life, old comrade!" he vibrated.

That roused Hal from his momentary lethargy—put motion into his legs.

Side by side they ran back, Frank disdaining to outstrip his chum.

Not at their old sprinting speed could they travel after all the fearful bodily strain of the last few minutes.

But they made fairly good time.

Ere they had quite reached the switch, however, there came a loud:

Bump!

The cars had struck the bumper at the end of the yard, right at the bank of the river.

BOOM!

It was a sullen, fearful, angry noise, as the thousands of gallons of heated oil sought vent past the walls of the tank.

A gigantic sheet of flame shot upward, then came down again in a burning, blazing geyser of oil.

Fragments of metal from the tank fell like hail around the rearmost of the running Up and At 'Em Boys.

Then came another rending explosion.

This time it was the dynamite in the third car that had gone up.

And now there fell splintered fragments of wood, as if from the outburst of a volcano.

Then it was all over, save the furious burning of the cars down by the river.

"Hold on! You can all come back now, fellows!" bawled Manley. "The danger is over."

Weakly the overstrained fugitives who had done their part so well now turned and started back over the scene of their late fearful labors.

And now more than half of the cautious, frightened crowd beyond got under way and came hurrying forward.

The enormous tank, or what was left of it after the rending, had been hurled fully a hundred feet from the track, burrowing deeply into the loose soil.

Wheels and trucks had been blown aside by the force of the two explosions.

As much of the glowing wood as had not been driven afar was now blazing or smouldering on and near the track.

Hardly a semblance of the three cars remained.

"And now three terribly big cheers for the boys who saved a part of the town!" yelled a man hoarsely, and flinging his hat up in the air.

He was one of the very same who had been urging the boys to desert their posts only a few minutes before.

Frank, his face strangely white, eyed the man with a cool smile while the crowd cheered frantically.

"It was a fearful thing to undertake," gasped the station agent. "I didn't believe you fellows could stick after I told you about the dynamite."

"Why?" asked Frank, and the man was silent, for the question was one that he could not answer.

"Dynamite!" shuddered one of the few women who had reached the scene so far. "How could you do it?"

She was looking directly at Joe, who was mopping his wet face with a handkerchief.

"Dynamite explosions aren't any worse than big oil explosions," retorted Joe, coolly.

He had been somewhat frightened, of course, while the great danger had hung over him.

But his nature was one that could quickly recover from the shock of a danger past.

Toot! toot!

Here was the fire department coming at last when the need of its services was over—the engine rushing on ahead of hose carriage and truck.

Just behind them came Chief Griscomb and one of his policemen in a buggy, for both police and fire departments had responded to the other distant alarm.

Griscomb heard the story quickly from the excited ones, who told him what had happened.

"It was like Manley," he said, shortly. "A man of action. Yes, a man!—for that was man's work!"

There being nothing worth looking at now, the eager crowd began to return to the town.

Frank crossed over to Winston and linked an arm through his.

"Jackets, a few of our fellows funked when I sent you for them, didn't they?"

"Yes; four."

"You remember their names?"

"Yes."

"I shall want those names. They must pay the penalty of their refusing."

"Pay the penalty?" questioned Hal. "How?"

"We can never use those shirkers in any kind of work that calls for grit."

"For grit?"

"Yes. For instance, football is a game that calls for grit in its players. The four fellows who funked must never play on a Woodstock football eleven. When I see those fellows again I shall tell them of that. They must realize that the line is drawn sharply against cowardice."

"Are they barred from the second eleven, too?"

"They must be."

"That's tough," sighed the generous Hal. "And two of those fellows were trying hard for football, too, as I know."

"They would be no good at it," retorted Manley.

"Why, I was fearfully afraid myself," hinted Hal.

"So was I," rejoined Manley, quietly.

"Yet you stuck."

"So did you, Hal. And that's what I mean in the matter of grit. I like to be surrounded by the kind of fellows

who can stick it out when they are scared. That's the only kind of brave man I believe in. A man who didn't know enough to be afraid would be only a fool!"

CHAPTER XII.

"YOU'RE MINE!"

Just as a group of the Up and At 'Em Boys reached the depot platform a through train came in.

There were but two passengers—Dr. Holbrook and his friend, Mr. Bemis.

As it happened, they alighted close to Frank.

Both old men looked at him, then looked away again as if the meeting was not wholly pleasing.

But Frank, a sudden thought coming into his mind, stepped forward.

"Pardon me, Dr. Holbrook. But I judge that you and Mr. Bemis have been away to see the other boy—Gus."

"Um! Hah!" replied the good old doctor, rather severely. "Yes."

"And you saw him?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"No, we didn't, Manley. He had been set free, as there was no evidence against him. But I am sorry to say that, from the description we gained of him, he didn't answer any too well to a marked resemblance to you."

"The fault was in the description, then," protested our hero.

"It must have been—of course," replied Dr. Holbrook, stiffly, and the two old men moved away.

Frank glanced around, and his eye fell on Chief Griscomb.

That official had been on the platform the night that Gus had been taken away.

But our hero remembered that the chief had not gone near Gus. He had not seen that youngster, or he himself would have spoken of Gus's marked resemblance to our hero.

So, with a curious feeling of helplessness, Frank shrugged his shoulders, muttering:

"That's a curious way to lose a good old friend like Dr. Holbrook. Well, I don't see any way to help it. So Gus was released? Well, I'm mighty glad of that."

Frank was at his store that evening to help his two employes with the brisk Saturday evening trade.

Early in the evening the Woodstock Juniors heard exciting rumors.

Citizens were starting a subscription. The object in raising money was to buy the ground that the gym stood on.

This property was to be turned over to trustees, who would hold it for the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

This was to be in recognition of the splendid work done by the youngsters that afternoon in saving the business section of the town.

And at the rate that subscriptions were being made, it was evident that the whole amount needed would soon be in hand.

"That's great news," cried the elated Hal, as he talked it over with his chum.

"It's all right!" glowed Frank. "The pleasantest part of it all, to me, is to feel that a club we organized for our own benefit has turned out to be of some other use in the community."

"We wouldn't have been of any use, Frank, if you hadn't marshalled us into the thing as you did."

"It was my place to do that, if I am to be your leader. But, Hal, there is no use in being a leader if you have only the poorest kind of material to lead. Think how the fellows responded to leadership! A thousand such fellows would make a regiment that the country could justly glory in in time of war."

"War doesn't interest me," smiled Hal. "I don't go strong on war. It's a fearful business."

"You don't like war," retorted Frank. "There are a good many like you. But you are one of the kind of fellows who would jump out at the first call. And you are the same kind of fellow who would be mighty glad when the war was over. Well, the people who like war are not always the best soldiers. And it's like that in ordinary life. The fellows who helped push the cars this afternoon didn't do it because they liked it."

"Except Joe, perhaps," laughed Hal. "He'd run five miles to-night to get another chance like that."

It was after eleven o'clock that night when Manley locked up his store.

By that time the main street was almost deserted. As he turned into his own home street our hero did not see anyone else at first.

But just as he neared his home he stopped suddenly, his heart beating more rapidly.

For someone was prowling in his front yard.

Some skulker was moving stealthily up toward the front door.

"I'm glad I happened along just now," muttered Manley, his lips tightening grimly.

With his utmost stealth he moved forward, crouching low so that the fence would hide his body from the view of the prowler.

So Manley gained his front gate, which stood open.

The prowler had halted on the bottom step that led up to the porch.

He was standing there, peering at the door as if trying to make sure of the number.

Something in the figure looked decidedly familiar.

Quickly Manley leaped forward, pouncing upon the startled intruder.

"You're mine!" clicked Manley, triumphantly.

It was Gus.

"Do you always handle your property so ruthlessly?" demanded the other boy, shaking himself free and rubbing his arm ruefully.

"Why on earth are you sneaking around the house like that?" demanded Frank.

"I came on purpose—and came a long way, too," rejoined Gus.

"Why?"

"To sneak this note under your door," replied Gus, displaying a white envelope.

"You won't need to now," said Frank, reaching out for the envelope.

But Gus drew back, tearing the note into small bits, which he cast out over the grass.

"I reckon I can tell you what was in the note," went on Gus. "Manley, the way you pulled me out of harm's way the other day and the way you talked to me afterward, made a big impression on me."

"Was that why you pulled an old man out of the river in my name?" demanded Manley.

"Well, yes; although I didn't think of it until the aged party thought he recognized me as Frank Manley. Then I thought that you might as well have the credit for the thing, since I didn't want it."

"But that old man—Mr. Bemis—is so grateful that he stands ready to make your everlasting fortune."

"Does he?" asked Gus, musingly. "He must be a rather interesting old man."

"What are you going to do now, Gus?"

"See here, Manley, I reckon I might as well tell you a few words about myself. Then you'll understand matters better."

"My father was an invalid ever since I can remember. What was worse, for a man in his fix, was that he was broke, financially. Yet my father had every comfort—even luxuries—supplied him up to the last. And I was always well provided for, too. Got a good education, and was promised a good start in life.

"The man who put up all the money for those things was my father's brother, whom I didn't see often but whom I liked tremendously when I did see him.

"My uncle was at dad's funeral, and he told me that I wouldn't have to worry any through life. When he went away he left plenty of money with me, and he promised that I should hear from him often.

"Well, at last I got such a strong notion for seeing my uncle that I hunted him up. That was why I came to this part of the country. After some little difficulty I found my uncle. Manley, you can easily guess the rest.

"I had been brought up with a strict sense of honor and honesty. I looked upon my uncle as a model brother and a splendid man all the way through. But when I found him here I stumbled on the truth—that all the money he spent so lavishly was made by counterfeiting.

"Manley, can you understand what a crusher that was for me? Neither dad nor I ever had a shadow of a suspicion of the truth before.

"Here dad's last years had been made comfortable, and I had been well brought up, on—on the profits of felony! Can you imagine how I felt? I didn't want to live.

"Then you and I met, and we had that talk. I spent the rest of the day wandering by the river, thinking, thinking, thinking what I could do. That was how it happened that I saw the old man in the water and pulled him out.

"That night I resolved to go to my uncle and see if I couldn't beg him to drop his fearful business. While I was

there the secret service men came, and—well, you know enough of the rest."

"Has it struck you, Gus, that you're not at fault for your uncle's crimes?"

"I know that, but I couldn't think of it all when the crush of the disgrace first came over me."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know, Manley. Clear out, first of all, change my name, and try to get something decent to do. Of course I can earn a living like other people."

"You come with me!" uttered Frank, suddenly rising and gripping the other boy's arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind! Don't ask questions!"

Frank walked down his own street, turned into another, and then another, Gus silently keeping at his side all the while.

Thus they came to Dr. Holbrook's house.

Frank noted with satisfaction that lights were still burning.

Dr. Holbrook was an old man, who did not require much sleep. He often sat up far into the night.

Frank rang the bell, then stepped back.

"When the door opens," directed Frank, "you go inside. Say 'Good evening,' and then wait for the rest. Understand?"

"Yes."

Frank drew back out of sight just before the door opened.

Dr. Holbrook opened the door, the light from the hallway falling on Gus' face.

For an instant Dr. Holbrook stared at him, then asked in a tone of surprise:

"What do you want at this hour of the night, Manley?"

With a smile Frank also stepped into view.

From one boy to the other Dr. Holbrook stared as if he feared his eyes or his brain were playing him an uncanny trick.

"I—I don't understand," faltered the doctor.

"Then permit me to suggest, sir," flashed Frank, "that it's time you did. You refused to believe that there was another boy in the world who resembled me so strongly as to deceive even yourself. Now, kindly take my friend to Mr. Bemis, if he is still astir."

"Come in, both of you," requested the startled, amazed old teacher.

He led the boys to his library.

There in a deep armchair sat Mr. Bemis. But he leaped out of the chair when he saw the two boys, enough alike to be twins.

Then there was many an explanation, but Frank, after a while, cut these short by saying:

"Mr. Bemis, my friend is the one to whom your generosity belongs. I imagine he is much in need of a friend."

And then Gus was induced to tell his strange family story. This he did with some appearance of shame but without reserve.

"My dear boy," cried Mr. Bemis, with emotion, "you are not to blame for the conduct of others in which you

had no share. All my gratitude goes out to you, as a matter of course. But your pathetic story gives me a ten times stronger interest in you. You must look to me as your friend. I have no one close to me, unless you will take that position. Will you?"

And then and there, in the late hours of the night, a future was mapped out for Gus.

It was a future of wealth and luxury, yet not a career of idleness that was opened to this fortunate youngster.

It was arranged, moreover, at his own urgent request, that Gus should leave Woodstock at once, and that he should not be seen about the town.

"For I couldn't think of being mixed up in people's minds with you, Manley," Gus explained.

"It would be tough," smiled Frank.

"We look so confoundedly much alike," retorted Gus, "that it would always keep us both busy explaining that we weren't each other. Suppose I should take to smoking cigarettes, for instance?"

"You won't," declared Frank.

"But if I did," persisted the other boy, "what would people in this town think of the captain of their junior athletic club? And suppose that you had a girl. Wouldn't it be trying for her never to be sure whether it was you that she saw approaching?"

Frank laughed aloud as this thought of Kitty Dunstan's constant perplexity appealed to him.

"So, on account of all considerations that might come up, I'm going to scoot at once," proposed Gus. "But wherever I go, whatever I do, I shall never forget what I owe to a chance meeting with an instantaneous friend like Frank Manley!"

THE END.

There will be great things about football in No. 5 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week. The story will be entitled: "FRANK MANLEY'S GREAT LINE-UP; OR, THE WOODSTOCK ELEVEN ON THE JUMP." It will be full of good things that no player of the great game can afford not to know. It will depict the spirit and the tactics that win in a game. There will be a host of splendid surprises for you in this great story by "Physical Director."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 36.

I hope that every reader can see his way clear to getting into the great game of football this year.

It is a great game and it calls for qualities that are wholly praiseworthy. It is a game, too, that develops splendid qualities in a young American.

I am aware that football is a game that is often condemned. I am aware also that football can be played in a way that ought to be condemned.

But it can also be played, on the other hand, in a way that is generous, brave, and sportsmanlike.

The brutal features of the game, as it is sometimes played, ought to be suppressed, and every lover of American sport should aid in this suppression.

Play the game in the right way. Resolve that you would rather lose any game than resort to brutal tactics. Join a club in which this feeling prevails, and take care to hold matches only with clubs which similarly decry a brutal game.

Then football will become for you the sport that it should be. You will be in a game that calls for manhood and which surely develops more manhood.

There is no manhood in brutality. A game in which you deliberately risk inflicting serious injury upon an opponent is not a manly game, and it can win no applause from manly Americans.

But there is a noble, honest, manly, sportsmanlike way of playing the game that makes it as great a sport as our national baseball.

Go in for this manly type of game all through the season. If you meet with roughness in opponents, don't fall into their tactics. Give the brutal club a wide field in the future!

In getting together the material for a really good club, of course you must have boys who have been for some time in steady physical training.

The brand-new athlete has no place on the football eleven that is to win games. Remember that.

Even through the football season you must keep up your general training. Don't forget that.

Now, in especial, in football you must have plenty of brawn and muscle. What you lack in this respect you can supply by steady adherence to the bag drills that have been fully described of late.

With these bag drills you should have considerable work on the horizontal bar. Fortunately any bright boy who has not already a bar can make one for himself.

The bags and the bar will do well enough for the heavy work.

In addition all through the football season there must be work in running. Naturally you will want to try frequent sprints. But distance running must not be neglected either by the football aspirant.

Just before you go into the field to practise or to play a game you must—note, please, that I say **MUST**—take ten minutes of light, swift work with light dumbbells and Indian clubs. Nothing else will so surely limber you up and make you agile and active through the game.

After the game, remember to rub down before dressing. If there are any facilities at hand for bathing, take a tepid sponge-off, followed by a rubbing with a mixture of half alcohol and half witch hazel. Then rub down and dress for the street.

Keep good hours through the football season. A fellow playing such a heavy game as football needs to have his rest right.

Look out for your stomach. Keep to a sensible diet, such as I have explained in Talks Nos. 33, 34, and 35.

If you have been smoking, stop it! Tobacco destroys the wind and rattles the nerves. It deprives you of the best kind of grit.

Now, grit is the one thing that you can't leave out of the make-up of the football man. You simply can't! If you have a fellow in your eleven whose grit you suspect, then no matter how good a player he seems, drop him!

No coward can play real football. It is a game that calls for true grit at every moment.

A football player without grit is like a board with a big knot in it. It can't stand a strain; neither can the cowardly football player.

So watch all your members on this question of grit. The possession of grit doesn't mean being foolhardy; but it does mean being able to face anything that has to be faced.

Incidentally, watch your own grit. Put it to the test if you can without doing anything foolish.

If you have the slightest doubt about your own grit, then begin to build it up.

Remember that, in all ordinary cases, grit means a determination to face whatever comes. Be firm in the belief that grit carries one through an ordeal much more easily than running away from a peril could do.

I question if anyone can have such another mean feeling as the realization of one's own cowardice can bring. You don't always, or even usually, suffer through being gritty. You are sure to suffer through not showing grit!

Don't be anxious to rush into team practice at once. If you do, you won't amount to much as a player this year.

There are a great many rudiments of the game to be mastered before it is time for team practice.

Falling on the ball and catching and passing are important features of individual work that must be mastered before team work is taken up. These features are described in this issue.

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Wakefield, Md., July 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all The Young Athlete's Weekly and think they are fine. (1) How are my measurements and what are my defects? Height, 4 feet 11½ inches; weight, 75 pounds; chest, 26 inches normal; biceps normal 7½ inches; expanded, 8¼ inches; neck, 11 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calf, 12 inches; wrists, 6 inches. (2) How can I grow stouter? I go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at 5 a. m., take a long walk and then eat breakfast; exercise with bells and clubs at 11 o'clock; go in swimming at 3.30 p. m. (3) Is this good? (4) Do you think I could become an athlete?

Respectfully yours,

A Would-be Athlete.

(1) Measurements good; sorry you omitted that for chest expanded. (2) Following my dietetic hints, and chewing food finely in especial, ought to bring more weight. (3 and 4) Why not go in gradually for distance running? And by all means go in for bag drills in Nos. 34 and 35, taking to heart all that is said about moderation in choosing weights. Certainly you can become an athlete. Follow all of Manley's training instruction.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Young Athlete's Weekly, from No. 1 to 25, and cannot praise it enough. I am 15 years old, weight 111 pounds, and am 5 feet 1 inch in height. How do these correspond? I like your training talks and never miss one. Hoping the Athlete's Weekly great success and long life to Frank Manley and Physical Director, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. J.

You are a little heavy, but that is not a defect if your flesh is firm and plastic.

Carthage, Tex., July 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader and an admirer of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Please tell me my weak points, and tell me what will strengthen them. Age, 17 years 3 months; wrist, 6¼ inches; waist, 27 inches; neck, 13 inches; calves, 13 inches; ankles, 10 inches; chest, 27 inches, when expanded 29 inches; height, 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 106 pounds. I hope you will answer as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

Lester Woodyard.

Trim your waist down by the abdominal exercises in Nos. 28 and 32. Improve your chest expansion by breathing drill in No. 27. Other measurements good.

Marshfield, Wis., July 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the copies of The Young Athlete's Weekly up to No. 23, which is the latest, and must say that they are "daisies." I wish that I could meet you, and hope that some day I will, so that I could give you my thanks for your weekly paper and talks. If anything is going to help Young America to become healthy it is Physical Director and the Y. A. W. Frank Manley is a "peach," and so are his friends. I would give five dollars for a chance to decorate Tod's face up. I will be very thankful if you will answer the following questions: My measurements were taken stripped. I am 16 years

6 months old; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 95 pounds without clothes; neck, 12½ inches; chest normal 29 inches, expanded 32 inches; right biceps 8 inches, expanded 9½ inches; left biceps, 8 inches, expanded 9¼ inches; forearms, 8½ inches; wrists, 6¼ inches; waist, 26 inches; thighs, 16½ inches; calves, 11¼ inches; ankles, 7½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how can I strengthen them? (3) Sometimes I get a pain in my ankle and in the joint of my big toe after running. What causes this, and how can I stop it? (4) Till how late in the season should running be kept up? (5) I am equally good at distance running and sprinting. Which one should I practice at? Or should I practice at both of them? (6) Who is the writer of this weekly? What is Physical Director's name? Thanking you in advance, I will close with three cheers for Physical Director, Frank Tousey and the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Yours truly,

Carl Drinkwitz.

(1) Excellent, except for the legs. (2) Calf and thigh a trifle under. Running is what you need. Work on a rowing machine, too, if you have access to one. (3) Due to weakness of ligaments and muscles at that point. Steady work at running and walking will remove the trouble in time. Thank you for your wish to meet me. I would give a lot to meet all my readers—but think what a young American army they would make!

Winooski, Vt., July 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am really glad you answered my questions last March in your famous The Young Athlete's Weekly, and found that my adviser had done his share in bringing about my health. So be as kind to answer some other very important questions. (1) Should a boy of sixteen weigh over 110 pounds when his height is 5 feet 5 inches tall? (2) What is the proper thing for a boy who is gaining strength to exercise on? From a constant reader of your weekly. Hope to see this in print soon.

Ernest P. Romprey.

(1) About ten pounds more at your age, but this lack in weight is not vitally important at sixteen. (2) Follow Manley's coaching lectures to his club. In especial go in for the bag drills in Nos. 34 and 35, noting especially what is said about moderation in choosing the weight of the bag. Am very glad that my former advice helped you in gaining strength. Write me again when you need advice.

Williamstown, Pa., July 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I take pleasure in asking you a few questions and giving you my measurements. I am 14 years old; 4 feet 11 inches tall; neck, 13¼ inches; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 32 inches; waist, 28 inches; wrist, 6 inches; upper leg, 17 inches; lower leg, 12½ inches; ankle, 9 inches; weight, 105 pounds, stripped. (1) How are these? (2) What are my weak points and my strong points, and how can I strengthen my weak points? (3) I have a very weak back. How can I strength it?

Yours truly,

Dick Blanning.

(1) Rather "stocky." (2) Much too large waist. Correct by exercises in Nos. 28 and 32. Get another inch chest expansion by breathing drill in No. 27. (3) By general exercise, and each day moderate use of bag drills in Nos. 34 and 35, when they appear.

St. Louis, Mo., July 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your weekly ever since it was published, and I think it is the best. I have been following your talk in the back of each number. Please answer a few questions. I am 14 years old, and weigh 105 pounds. My measurements are as follows: Neck, 13 inches; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 33 inches; biceps 9½ inches; wrist, 6 inches; waist, 25 inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 11 inches; height, 5 feet 3 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are the best exercises for developing the legs? (3) Have I any noticeable weak points? With three cheers for Frank Manley, I am,

Yours truly,

A. B. C.

(1) Excellent, except for the calf. (2) Running, wrestling, rowing and swimming. (3) The calf.

Reading, Pa., July 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Athlete's Weekly from nearly the first one. I think it is the king of American weeklies. I think that I ought to send in a letter. I am 14 years of age; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 95 pounds; chest contracted 27 inches, normal 28½ inches, expanded 30 inches; waist, 24 inches; neck, 13½ inches; shoulders across, 13 inches; wrist, 6 inches; left forearm, 9 inches; right forearm, 9 inches; calves, 12 inches; thigh, 16¼ inches; ankle, 9½ inches; knee, 12¾ inches. (1) Would I make a good ball player. (2) How are my measurements? (3) What are my weak and strong points? (4) How should I remedy my weak points? (5) How should I train to play baseball? (6) Is there any chance of my becoming an athlete?

Yours respectfully,

Y. A. W.

(1) I would advise you to work for shortstop. (2) Much too light in weight. (3) Chest expansion inferior, and calf too small. Good neck. (4) Work faithfully at breathing drill in No. 27. Running and the rowing machine for the calf. (5) Just the same as any other boy. I have given explicit information all through the season. (6) All the chance you will work for.

Columbus, Ga.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read several of your weeklies and think they are fine, especially the talks on training. I would appreciate it if you would answer a few questions. Age, 13 years 9 months; height, 4 feet 3 inches; weight, — pounds; neck, 11½ inches; forearm, 8 inches; wrist, 6 inches; calf, 11½ inches; chest normal 27½ inches, expanded 30 inches; biceps, 8½ to 9½ inches. (1) Are my measurements all right? (2) What are my strong and weak points? (3) I do not drink tea or coffee, but I drink Postum. How's that? (4) Is there any exercise for grip? What? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

F. C. R.

P. S.—Please tell me a good exercise for developing broad, square shoulders.

(1) As you left your weight blank I am not able to answer intelligently. (2) Same answer. (3) Postum is harmless if you do not drink half an hour after eating, but, as I have explained several times, it is all wrong to drink any beverage whatever at meal-time. Instead, chew your food to an absolutely fine pulp before swallowing. Most people who take beverages with meals do so in order to wash down the food without chewing. Besides, beverages swallowed with meals weaken the digestive juices and delay digestion. (4) You do not state whether you wish to strengthen yourself after an attack of la grippe, or whether you wish to improve your hand grip.

Reading, Pa., July 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a hearty supporter of your world-famous weekly, I take the liberty of asking several questions regarding my development. Age, 15 years 8 months; weight, 160 pounds; height, 6 feet ¼ inch; chest contracted 31 inches, normal 34 inches, expanded 37 inches; waist, 28 inches;

neck, 17 inches; shoulders, 18 inches; wrist, 7 inches; forearms, 10½ inches; calves, 14½ inches; thighs, 19 inches; ankles, 11 inches; around knee, 15½ inches. (1) Where is the best position for me to play ball on a team? (2) How should I train to play football? (3) Please make a schedule of exercises for me. (4) How are my measurements, and how should I remedy my defects? (5) Do you think my heart is liable to be weak since I am so large? (6) Is there any chance of my becoming a very good athlete? Hoping to see this in print soon, and thanking you a thousand times in advance, I remain,

Yours ever loyal,

B. D.

You are certainly a big fellow. Your leg measurements should be larger. (1) Third base or outfield. (2) There will be a lot about football in the very near future. (3) It would take too much space to lay out an entire schedule in each case. But go in for running, the bag drill (in Nos. 34 and 35), wrestling, bag-punching, the horizontal bar and clubs and bells. You will always find abundant training hints in the work that Frank Manley gives his club. (4) Good, except for the legs. (5) I see no reason why. (6) Excellent, if you keep at systematic work and avoid the temptation to do too much heavy work.

Clinton, Ia., June 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader and a very great admirer of The Young Athlete's Weekly, which I will say is at the head of all other weeklies, I think I am entitled to an answer in one of them. I am 13 years 7 months old; height, 4 feet 10½ inches; weight, 112 pounds. (1) Is my weight too great? (2) Is work on the horizontal bar good for a weak back, and what other work is? I remain, a true admirer,

Fatty Harry Riggs.

(1) You are a trifle heavy—much too heavy, unless your flesh is firm and plastic. (2) Yes; also running, wrestling and the bag drills in Nos. 34 and 35.

Brookfield, Mo., July 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and so will ask you a few questions. I am 12 years 4 months old; height, 5 feet ½ inch; chest normal 22½ inches, expanded 25 inches; biceps, 7½ inches; calves, 11½ inches; ankles, 8½ inches; wrists, 5½ inches; neck, 12 inches. (1) How are these? (2) Is boat rowing healthy exercise? I weigh 81 pounds.

C. T.

(1) Measurements good. (2) Decidedly healthful.

July 13, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am an enthusiastic reader of your Athlete's Weekly. I also mail one every week to a friend in Georgia. In No. 23 of The Athlete's Weekly, I read Frank Manley's Woodstock baseball team was to play 24 league games this summer, and I can't see how they can when they only play one game every Saturday. They would have to be playing also in winter, and they can't do that. The weekly is too good to wait a week for it to come out, so for once change your rule and publish it two times a week. It will sell the same, and maybe better. I would buy one every day if it only came out. Kindly answer me as soon as possible in the back pages of The Athlete's Weekly. I remain,

Yours truly,

Nicholas Vista.

You haven't caught your old friend napping. Who said the Woodstocks played but once a week? That was before school closed. During the vacation season the Woodstocks played the full schedule, with an average of three games a week. There was space to describe only the more important ones. I can appreciate your desire to have The Young Athlete oftener than once a week, but do you realize what a big week's work it is for me to do all the work on the paper alone? First of all, there is the story to be gotten into shape. Then Manley's training work must be attended to in a systematic manner, so that my readers will get the

utmost benefit from it. Then there is the Training Talk, which requires a good deal of thought. Then there are all the letters from readers to be answered. No one man would be equal to more work than I am obliged to do in getting up one number a week for an army of young Americans.

Hopedale, Mass.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have you answer these questions in your king of weeklies, Young Athlete's. I am 17 years old, and 5 feet 7 inches in height; weight, 115 pounds. (1) Is my weight all right? (2) Would you advise me to go in a mile race and a quarter mile? How fast should I be able to do them in? (3) When I run very far my arms ache, and my throat burns from hard breathing. How can I remedy this? I like your training hints, all right, but I don't think they can be followed very good by anybody who has to work from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., such as running in the morning. What do you think?

Yours truly,

S. G.

(1) About 15 pounds too light. (2) Go in by all means. Even if you don't win, it is great training. Cannot tell from the limited data you give what time you ought to make. Strengthen your arms with general exercise, including enough of the bag work described in Nos. 34 and 35. Improve your wind by the breathing drill in No. 27. Why, certainly you can take morning runs if your condition is worth the trouble. Retire at nine, rising at five or a few minutes later. You can then run until six. Or run in the evening if you greatly prefer, although the morning is the better time.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all The Young Athlete's Weekly, beginning with No. 1, and glad to say they are all right. I remain,

Yours truly,

Chas. F. Hugel, 180 Johnson Street.

Thank you for your appreciation.

Chicago, July 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As a reader of your weekly I will ask you to examine my measurements and let me know whether good or bad. I weigh 127 pounds; neck, 13½ inches; around shoulders, 39 5-8 inches; across shoulders, 15 3-8 inches; chest contracted 29 inches; normal 30 inches, expanded 34 1-8 inches; biceps normal 9 1-8 inches; flexed, 11 inches; wrists, 7 inches; waist, 27 inches; thighs, 18 inches; calves, 13 inches. Now a few words: I have a bunch of good boys in the city who are willing to organize an athletic association and will get together as soon as I have your answer. We cannot practice mornings, as we work. Is night practice all right? I took advice from your books in deep breathing and it is O. K. I feel much better. I just finished reading No. 24 and must say that every novel, from No. 1 up, was a "peach." I wish that you put this in print. I remain,

Your reader,

John R. L. Ehrbar, president Young Athlete's Athletic Association.

Oh, dear! my friend, why did you omit age and height? I judge your measurements to be good, but cannot say positively on account of the information you did not supply. By all means get your club together. Much good work can be done at night, although I advise an interval between finishing exercise and retiring.

Dundee, O., July 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Here are my measurements, and I take the liberty of asking you a few questions also. Length of arm 24 inches, length of leg 26 inches, neck 10¾ inches, ankle 7 inches, wrist 5 inches, shoulders 13 inches, hips, 28¼ inches, chest expanded 26½ inches, normal 24½ inches, height 4 feet 7 inches, weight 72 pounds. (1) How does my weight compare with my measurements? (2) How does my height compare with my measurements? (3) Tell my defects. I almost forgot to tell you my age. I am 12 years 10 months old. The Young Athlete's Weekly is a weekly that is worth twice any man's or boy's money. I have

also looked at and read carefully Practical Talks on Training, which are very, very, very useful to any one. Physical Director and Frank Manley deserve three big cheers! Hoping to see this and your answer in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Constant Reader.

Your measurements all right at your age.

Fairmount, Ind., June 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 13 years old; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 111 pounds. (1) I am a little stoop-shouldered. How could I become straight? (2) What would you advise as a training table? (3) Would running do me good? (4) Would you advise me to continue sports? I have read all of The Athlete's Weeklies, and think they are fine. Hoping to see this in print, I am,

Yours truly,

M. C.

P. S.—Hurrah for Frank Manley and the Physical Director!

(1) A little under weight. (2) Read Training Talks in Nos. 33, 34 and 35. (3) Of course! (4) Certainly.

Hagerstown, Md., July 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

After having read every number of your interesting weekly to date, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. First, I will give measurements: Age, 17 years; neck, 14¼ inches; chest normal 30 inches, expanded 32½ inches; waist, 26 7-8 inches; right bicep, 9¾ inches; left forearm, 9 1-8 inches; right thigh, 16½ inches; left calf, 12 inches; ankle, 8¾ inches; length of leg, 34¾ inches; length of arm, 24¾ inches; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, — pounds. I have the following weak spots that I know of, and for which I would like you to suggest some way to correct: Right instep slightly weak; left eye weak. Please tell me if (1) the first can be corrected readily, and also if (2) my eye can be made strong without the use of glasses? Habits are regular, consisting of following: Rise at 4 a. m., exercise with dumbbells, cold water bath, rub with coarse towel, 5 miles walking and running, 15 minutes' use of punching-bag, breakfast at 6 a. m., go to work at 7.30 a. m. (stenographer by profession), 12 m. dinner, 5.30 supper, 6 to 7.30 p. m. I go through regular practice with ball team, 7.45 bath, alternate shower one evening and tub the next; 8 to 9 p. m. study (preparing to become a journalist), 9 to 10 p. m. reading, 10 p. m. retire. (3) Is that routine too hard, and do I get enough sleep? When I retire I drop asleep at once and sleep like a log without dreams until awakened by alarm in the morning. (4) Please tell me what is the matter with my mode of practice, for I do not gain any flesh of any kind, but seem to be entire muscle. (5) I drink about three quarts of water each day, nothing else. Is that O. K.? (6) I am an expert runner, and have made a mile in 6 minutes, running over the rough cross-ties and ballast of a railroad track. The world's amateur record is, I think, 4 minutes 15 seconds for a mile on cinder track. Under above conditions is my record any good for boy of my age? (7) I am also a first-class baseball player, and am in continuous practice this season, covering first base, and hope by next season to be qualified for a position on a paid team. (8) Will that be too hard work for me? (9) If I play on a paid team will I be eligible for admission to a university team when I enter college. I am going either to Yale or Princeton. If you will kindly answer the above questions I will appreciate it very much.

Very respectfully,

Sorry you omitted your weight, as I cannot give opinion as to measurements. (1) Weak instep will be cured in time by your running and walking. (2) Do not like to advise about eye without knowing more of the nature of its weakness. (3) You do not get enough sleep. And you exercise too soon after supper. (4) You should sleep from 9 to 5, and cut some of the exercise. Sleep and exercise are equally important in keeping the body in condition. (5) Yes, you can stand even another quart of water with all your activity. (6) Very good. (7) On a paid team you would be forced to train right. (8) It would bar you from a university team.

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